



SICK

JUNE
No. 44

The magazine with a KICK!

**SICK
HOBBY
ISSUE**

OR
WHAT TO DO
UNTIL THE
PSYCHIATRIST
COMES



They left the ignition key
in this one, Ladybird.
You hurry up with those
hub-caps, you hear!?





SICK



No. 45

Vol. 6, No. 5
June, 1966

The magazine with a KICK!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES

That's what you'll probably be doing when you see this chaotic parody of a chaotic TV series — the artist and writer who did it have already run for theirs! This show is about a man who has only a short time to live — and from some of the stories lately, so has this show!.....

38

SICK HOBBY MAGAZINE PARODY

Another tremendous parody of a popular magazine that tells you what to do in your spare time — and if you're very busy it even tells you what not to do! This magazine will give you one idea after another — the most important idea it gives you though, is to cancel your subscription!.....

31

HOW TO BE A PSYCHIATRIST

A career-planning guide for a career in a field you gotta be crazy to get into today — a field so overspecialized they've now got double-decker couches for split personalities! We guarantee that reading this article will either make you a full-fledged psychiatrist — or send you running to one!

24

MORE POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

Soul-stirring poems of today, written in blank verse — it happens to rhyme, but reading them you'll say it's the blankest verse you've ever seen. These poems are certain to inspire you to greater heights — you'll want to go up to the roof and jump off!.....

19

MOVIE SPOOF: THE COLLECTOR

The story is about a young guy who collects girls and falls in love with them — needless to say, the picture was banned in Greenwich Village as indecent!.....

45

THE LARGE VALLEY

A gripping parody of a grappling TV series, this show really captures the Old West — and proceeds to beat it to death! The series is big and sprawling — especially when the leading lady, Barbara Stanwyck, forgets to put on her girdle!

4

THE ORIGIN OF COMICMAN

A true account of the beginnings of one of the great adventure-book heroes of our time — an account which will set him back to where he started! We won't tell you who we're parodying — but this story will drive you bats!

10

ABOUT THE COVER

Ye Editor, JOE SIMON, who drew this cover, had to pose for it himself. Everybody he asked to pose said they needed it like a hole in the head.

Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*
Fred Wolfe, *Correspondent At Large*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*
Fred England, *Texas*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*
Dot Brooks, *N. J.*

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TELEVISION

It wasn't so long ago that the television networks were giving us nothing but "father-images". The Defenders, Bonanza, Dr. Kildare, Father Knows Best, Dwight D. Eisenhower and countless other shows, all used this bit to their

best advantages.

Lately, however, the trend appears to be shifting, and "mother-images" are becoming popular. A leading proponent of this new look is Bigtoerea Barfley—star of the new ABC hit

LARGE VALLEY

Art by Angelo Torres Script by Calvin Castine

Aren't you proud of mother, Arrid? She's a pioneer of the new breed of television women. She's beautiful, humble, strong-willed, powerful, and MEAN.

Are you talking about our mother, or Mr. Clean?

I may not be mean, but I sure am strong. I just beat my great big, strong, handsome, son, Niche, of pulling wrists.

No fair! I wasn't ready. Let's make it the best two out of three.

We're supposed to typify the overage widowed lady and her family. I've got two sons, two daughters, and my husband's illegitimate kid.

How about the best three-out-of-five?

Just a minute!

I don't like the idea of being classified as a girl. Just because I act like a girl, look like a girl, and dress like a girl, doesn't mean I'm a girl.

You're beautiful when you're angry. But, you mustn't cry. You'll ruin your make-up, Eugerm.

I'm going up to my room and paul!

What am I going to do with her.... I mean HIM!

Cheer up, mother. Here, have a brandy.

All we do around here is drink brandy. Who writes this show, Dean Martin?

You're right, Niche, it's time we acted a little more like the real frontiersmen. Where's the corn likker?

Perhaps you can tell me, Teeth, why DO we drink all the time?

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

I'm sorry, suh, but you coain't go in thair!

Out o' muh way!

I'd be glad to, my dear half-sister Audrara. It's so the teen-agers can have something to identify with us.

It appears like our typical, irate, next-door neighbor has arrived.

How come we don't have any friendly neighbors, Teeth?

That's so the people in the suburbs can identify with us.

You won't get away with this! I'll burn down your house! I'll steal all your cows! I'll shoot your horses! I'll pour salt in your water holes! I'll put vinegar in your oatmeal!

This'll shut him up.

No, Niche. Violence isn't the answer--besides, you'll get blood all over my new rug.

I'll...

Calm down, Zeke, and tell us all about it. What's the trouble?

I coain't remember. I wuz so dang mad, that I plum forgot what I'm supposed to be mad at.

What's there to remember? He's angry, because somebody has shown up at his place claiming that our dearly-departed father sold him the land that we said Zeke.

Dad sure was a trouble-maker.

It's the same plot every week.

Don't take it too hard, Zeke. Maybe one of the family remembers.

Don't worry, Zeke. We'll go and save your land for you.---will you be coming, mother.

No, Arrid, I'll stay behind, and show up when the plot starts getting dull.

In that cose, you'd better hurry.

How far is it to Zeke's place, Teeth?

According to my script, we go around this clump of trees seven times, cross the bridge four times, roce two miles down the railrood tracks, and then, turn around and do it all over ogoin. In all, it should toke us ten suspense-filled minutes to get there.

These "to the rescue" scenes sure save the writers a lot of work.

Whoo, horse. We have arrived.

Thot sure is dromatic, typical Western dialogue.

Everybody dismount.

Don't forget to get your foot stuck in the stirrup, Audrero,---so we can waste another two minutes pulling it loose.

Soy, this place looks fomillar.

It should. It's our back porch. We're cutting down on scenery.

Look! There's o greot big bear standing on the porch.

He sure looks ugly, I'd better shoot 'im.

Wait! I recognize him. He's Moss Cartridge of the Ponderous Ranch.

Howdy! My name's Bend Cortridge. These are my sons--Little Jolt, and Moss Welcome to the Ponderous Ranch.

I'm ofroid you're badly mistoken, Mr. Cortridge. This here, is Brofely land, --leastways it was until we sold it to our friendly, but ill-tempered neighbor.

Talking won't do any good. Let me shoot 'em, then we can settle everything peaceobly.

Hey, Paw! Little Jolt! They're here.

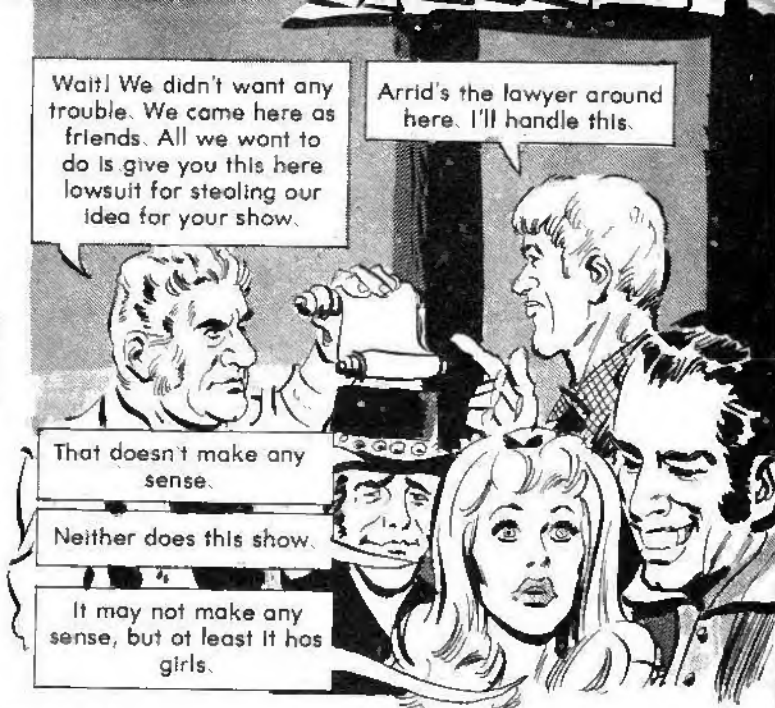


Us Cartridges are agin' violence.

Poor, kind, sweet, lovable Moss. He'd do anything to prevent a fight.

I'm afraid you've gone too far this time. That's Niche's favorite hat.

I'd beat you up, but all I've got is sex appeal.



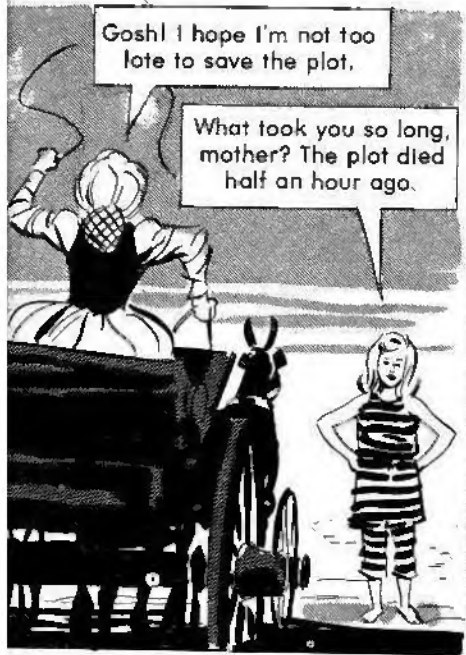
Wait! We didn't want any trouble. We came here as friends. All we want to do is give you this here lawsuit for stealing our idea for your show.

Arrid's the lawyer around here. I'll handle this.

That doesn't make any sense.

Neither does this show.

It may not make any sense, but at least it has girls.



Gosh! I hope I'm not too late to save the plot.

What took you so long, mother? The plot died half an hour ago.

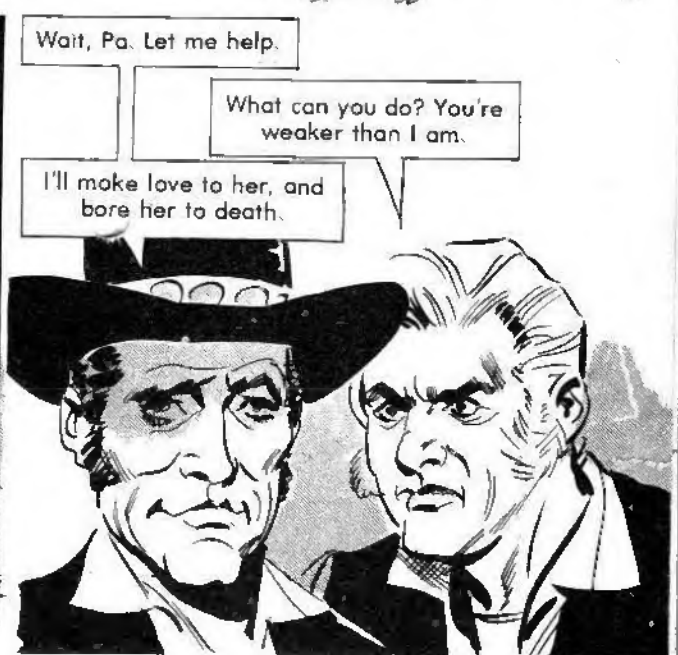


There's only one way to settle this,--we'll pull wrists.

I'm too much of a gentleman to pull wrists with you, ma'am.

You mean you're too much of a coward.

Yeh, that too.



Wait, Pa. Let me help.

What can you do? You're weaker than I am.

I'll make love to her, and bore her to death.



Stop! I won't suffer such torture. I'll sign over the whole valley to you.

This was definitely our most amazing episode.

You mean, because you had all us Cartridges on as guest stars?

No, because nobody once told Audora how beautiful she looks.



Well, Teath, it looks like we've lost all our land.

Yeh, but there's one bright spot.

What's that?

We get to drink to the closing of the deal.

BIG SICK ANNUAL



BIG, GLOSSY, FULL-COLOR
"WHY TRY HARDER?"
PIN-UP



FIRST SICK ANNUAL

Yes, it's finally here! A gigantic collection chock-full of the sickest material from previous issues of SICK. This 7th year fantabulous blockbuster will arrive on the newsstands this June. Be sure to get there early so you don't miss out. Furthermore, as a special added bonus inside, you'll find a three-page fold-out color portrait of America's Number Two Mascot, Huckleberry Fink the "Why Try Harder" kid. This Pop-Art masterpiece is in full rich color and on a glossy cover stock which makes it easy to frame or mount on your wall.

Sincerely Yours:

Sir:

In the Feb., #42 issue of Sick, I found something that should have been answered more fully. I am referring to the letter by, Miss Joan Lawnceston of Tasmania, Australia.

The part of the letter that got me is as follows:

"I would like to say in conclusion that it is no wonder that America is in the state that it is in if "Sick" is a typical example of American Literature."

I would like to point out now that "Sick", is some thing that shows America is America. It also shows that the American People are not worried about what the next person thinks about its literature, art, or what the next person thinks or says, for the simple reason that it is free.



USS Forrestal

I would also like to point out that after working with aircraft all day and having to worry about the danger about me all day, it is a great relief to sit down and enjoy "Sick" and get away from the rest of the world for a few minutes.

Siegfried E. Gerhardt

U-2 Division

USS Forrestal CUA 59

% FPO New York, N. Y. 09507

P.S. Could it be possible for you to send me Miss Joan Lawnceston's full address. I would like to have a pen pal in Australia.

Ed: Joan didn't send any more address. However, she may read this and write to you. How about other fem SICK-ites writing to Siegfried, readers?

Dear Sick:

Upon reading your latest issue—I drew the conclusion that you cats are on pills or "Jump-in-the-Bag"

a whole lot. You have got to do something to get these wild, sadistic, dreams you paint. Real trash ...I'm proud of you.

My room-mates and myself are going to college here in Southern-Pines: During the winter we work at Carolina Beach—selling, servicing, re-glassing, customizing, surfboards—Do any of you idiots surf—or would any of you'all like to learn...If you are ever down this way stop in at the sign: Custom Built Boards by EBERT INC.—at Carolina Beach, N. C.

During the fall we get learned—so please write—if for no other reason than to prove that you editors care about your readers. Oh, by the way Waverly says hello...

George Ebert

c/o The Taboo Room

Southern-Pines

North Carolina

Ed: Tell Waverly to get lost.

Editors:

Argument over the superiority of the Stones, Beatles, Hermits, Mercy Beats, Animals, Hollies, Kooks, etc. etc. etc., is nonsensical and ridiculous. The ingenuity and know-how of California's Byrds speaks for itself.

As for your mag.—it stinks. We of the land of miracles and camel manure can be glad of the limited distribution of Sick. In Egypt we have a very good name for you, that is Kosomaks.

Keep down the bad work.

Stan Ketchum

Manager, The Wood Peckers
Cairo, Egypt, U. A. R.

Ed: If that's a dirty word you probably spelled it wrong, anyway.

Dear Sick Yank,

I have just finished reading your forty first issue of trash and think it's great. Perhaps the lonely life here is having effect on me and the rest of the blokes stuck out here 2,000 miles from anywhere as we all reason you write a jazzy magazine. What about doing an article on the American views on Australia. I am sure it would go over

well with all your phycho fanatics over here (mainly kangaroos):

I was reading the burst about your "Inner Circle." How about sticking my address in your class-Fried column of Sick-ites wishing to correspond with She-Sick-ites. I am not particular what type of girl writes to me as long as they are good looking (38-22-38) and Sick-crazy. Hoping you're not too racial prejudiced to print an Aussie's letter.

B/Sgn Servicing
RAAF BASE, Darwin
Northern Territory,
Australia

Ed: Sorry, ACIFBSGNSRAAF, we don't print commercials here.

Dear Edward (I don't like dem abbreviations) In your last issue you menthioned that members of the K. K. K. were all gas pumpers and not so smart. I just wanta tho know dot we is, if not smart "in" all walks of life cludin docturs (etc): Were do you all get your all nerves from. Like that great Frenchman said and I quote—I may not agree with your things that you say— but, I'll defend your write to, say it. The K. K. K.

stands for American and Freedom. We are loyal and photreatic americans who love there countrys and peace and Brother-hood for all ex-cespting: a) Indians b) Chinese c) Italienses d) Irishmen's e) Scot ties f) Japans h) catholiks i) Jew ishites k) and all others. Stop nocken our belefs. A former read-ah. PM and we are so edjukated!

Lane
2323 Kathryn S. E.
Apt. 260
Albuquerque, N. M.

Ed: In what?

Dear Sick:

The whole magazine (Feb.) was great except for that Sick Ad on the rear cover. Can't you afford a cigarette package of your own? I noticed that on the side it said LUCKY STRIKE. Now also, I could tell you taped on lucky bite, besides that I enjoyed the commercial, it was funny. What does the LS-DDS stand for?

Vincent Careccia
4188 Barnes Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

Ed: Lucky Bite Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Dear Sickly Finks:

Remember me? Well I still happen to think that all English groups are great!! And as for Andrea Polovsky, Susan Becker and I don't like it!! Do something about it, Andrea.

I would like to thank Sis Kedon for her kind words. By the way, there really is a Reading, Pa. There really is a Beardstown, Ill. too.

Lots of luck, you need it.

Doug Wryman
1305 Wall St.
Beardstown, Ill.

Ed: You again? Haven't you caused enough trouble!

Dear Sirs:

I'm fascinated by your magazine. I read each issue that I can get my hands on. I'd like to thank you kind folks for naming your magazine after me. Maybe that's why I like it so much.

James R. Sick
R. D. #2
Wayland, New York

Ed: Readers—See James' ad in Classic-fried ads.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation



Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY CURTIS

GARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE

BRIGITTE BAROOT TONY CURTIS SONNY LISTON

MAMMY RICE GAVIES JOHN WAYNE PAUL BURGESS BRANDO

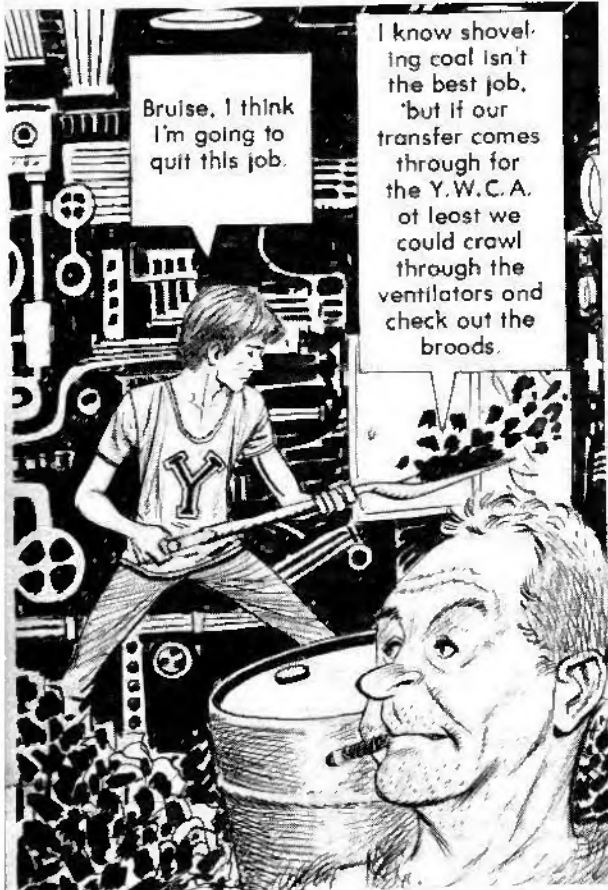
LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

Send 50¢ per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paper-back" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

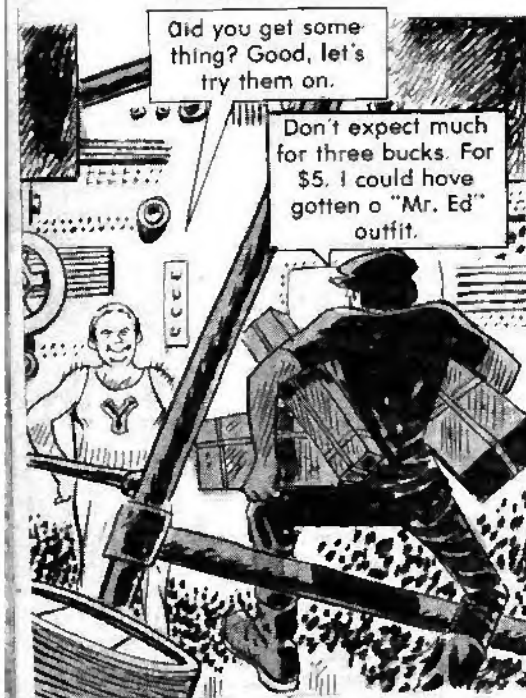
Exclusive Exposé!

Origin of a Crime

Comicman and Comicboy are the heroes of every man, woman and child today. There isn't a crime they can't solve or a criminal they can't catch. This dynamic duo is a legend in our times. But did you know they had a tough time getting started. Not all was peaches and cream in their early days of crimefighting. All of Gotham City's problems were originally handled by Woman Wonder. There just wasn't any work for Comicman and Comicboy. Things were so bad at one



Half Hour later.....



Now it Can be Told!

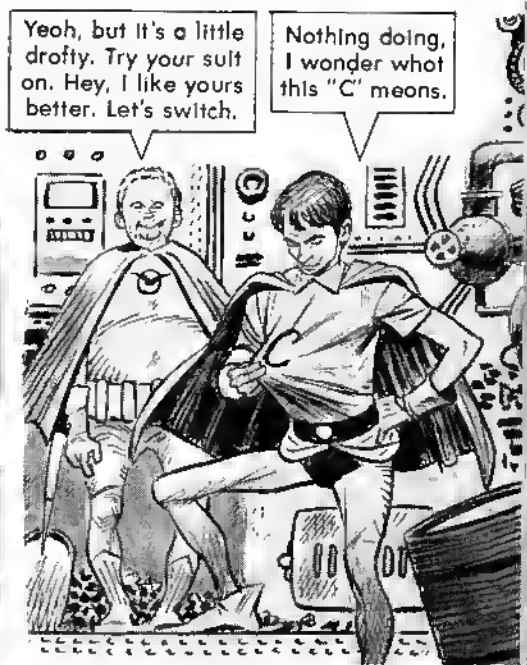
fighting Dynasty

Script by Francis DiBacco

Art by George Tuska

stretch that they had to siphon gas from Good Humor Trucks to keep the Comicomobile running. The phone was almost disconnected and the car repossessed.

Tonight we'd like to do a story on this porticular segment of their life. We will tune in on the boiler room of the Gotham City Y.M.C.A. where it all began.



Let's put our masks on and see what we look like.

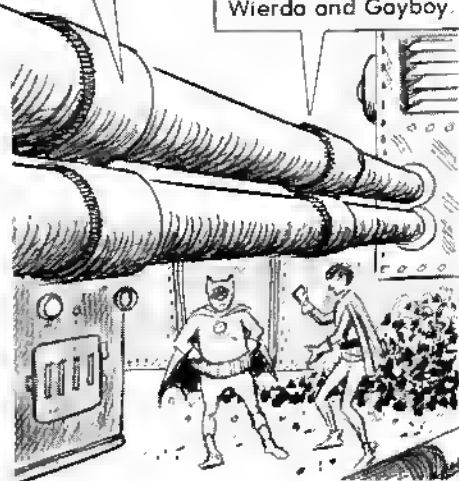
Okay, and we'll make up an exciting name.

Hmmm! We look like..... We look like.....

We look like a couple of pansies, that's what we look like. We'll call ourselves Wierdo and Gayboy.

That's no good. Our name has to strike fear in the hearts of criminals.

I got it. Praying Mantles and Fruit Fly.



Nah, we'd sound like two Evangelists, besides, my name has to match the "C" on my suit.

This is driving me batty.

It's Camical.

Holy lice! That's it, Comicman and..... and.....

Eureka! Comicman and Camicbay.

That's what I said, Comicman and Camicbay. Now, if we only had a Baracuda for our car.

Oh, by the way, did you get a car?

I sure did. Let's go to it. Let's go to our Camicmobile. OK Camicbay, Camicbay.



Dirk you idiot, that's your new name. Sit in the car, I'll crank..... Now if you can give me just a little more spark and less throttle, I think she'll kick over....

This thing is a lemon where did you get it?



Over at Dick Nixon's Used Car Lot.

I'll change my clothes and go over to Hertz and pick one up.



One Hour Later

How did you make out?

I picked up a '58 Caddy. It was only rented to a guy named Count Dracula once a week to go to Midnight Moss. It looks like a real Comicmobile.

The Scene now shifts to Commissioner Gordo's Office.....

Chief, I think Woman Wonder is on her way out.

I have to agree with you. The crime rate is up 25%, and all she does is stay home and watch TV.

Even her appearance is terrible, she doesn't keep her hair nice, she doesn't shave her legs or her beard.

I know, she's still using that glass double-winter airplane the Wright 8ros. made for her.

GUESS WHO? NO R. NAD

Well O'Hare, I'm going to make a switch. Look at this "AD" in the "Situations Wanted" part of the paper.

Situations Wanted:

Crimestoppers: Man and Boy desire full time work with City to uphold law. Will work any shift. Sundays and Holidays. Have own outfits and transportation. Boy is draft exempt and wants to get ahead. Man; neat, sober, and very dependable. If interested, send post card to: YMCA, Box 118, Gotham City.

Later

Dirk, we've gotten a response from our "AD". I'm going to mail the equipment to the Commissioner. This is a Hot Line phone, and this is a slide projector with the Comicmobile. These will be the only ways he can get in touch with us.

Next Day at the Commissioner's Office.

When did you get the lady princess phone?

You dope! That's the Hotline to our new crime-stoppers, Comicman and Comicboy.

Comicman and Comicboy! What's this town turning into, a bird sanctuary? What's going to happen when we need them in the winter time, and they're in Copistrano?

No wise cracks, O'Hare. And another thing, tell Goldberg to stop showing slides in the sky of his son's Bor Mitzvah. We're only to use that projector for the Comicsignal.

Right. Listen, before I go, let's try the Hot Line. I'd like to see how it works.

Good idea. Now, you pick up the phone and press the button once.

"I'm sorry, but the number you're trying to reach is not a working number. If you need assi.....clunk.

No luck?

No, I'll press the button twice.

THE BIG WHEEL

Hello, Comicmon? Comicman? Is this Comicboy?.....Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. President....No, I'm not Lady Bird..... No, I'm not moking fun of your family nomes, these ore two other birds we're looking for... Yes, I'll pay for the coll....Goodbye.

Wrong number? Why don't we look in the yellow pages?

Under what? Birds? I'll try the button three times.....

Comicmon, why don't you come down here so we can see what you look like. Oh, I understand. When we want you, we flosch the Comicsign on the clouds....You liked the pictures of Goldberg's son's Bor Mitzvoh.....No we don't have any slides of Jill St. John.....No, I'm sorry but we ore not planning to show slides every night. Comicman, will you come right over? Goodbye.

What's that coffin doing in the back seat?

I don't know. It was there when I rented the cor. I also found o book on "Transylvonio Night Life" in the glove compartment. I'll bring them both back when I poy the rent.

Comicboy, do you hear that siren. It's the police.

Holy Driver's Permit! Do you have your license?

Where the heck am I going to put a wallet with these tight pants?

Now don't we look sweet. Mosks, emblems, sexy pants. I thought we cleaned out your type in this city. You guys better come with me to City Hall.



I told you these suits were way out.

Maybe if we don't wear earrings and lip stick we won't look so bad.

Hello Commissioner. I just pulled in a couple of winners. Those beatniks will try anything to get attention.

Hey wait a minute, Officer. That must be Comicmon and Comicboy.

The Comic Crusader and the Boy Comic of your service.



What's that coffin in the back seat?

We were going to bring-----



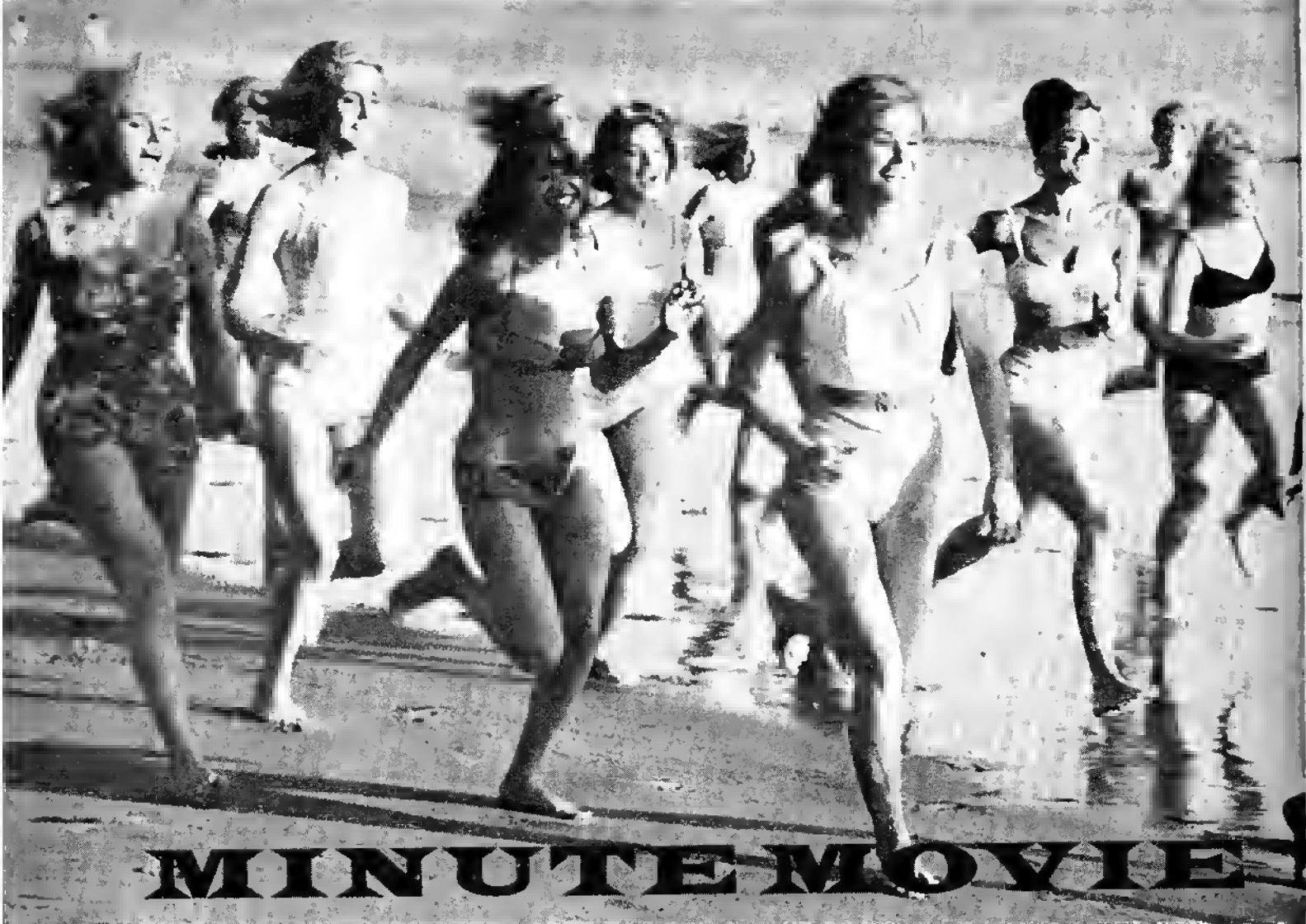
Why he looks like-----He is! He's the Vampire who's been terrorizing our City for years. You cracked our toughest case.

Holy Jugulars! You mean we-----



Why? It was nothing, Chief. This is just the beginning of our fight against crime. Oh Commissioner, you won't be able to get me on the Hot Line starting next week. Comicboy and I are going to Copistrano for the winter.





MINUTE MOVIE



We'll wait another four hours
and if they don't show,
we'll stand them up.



"Run! That crazy
photographer is still
after us."



I heard there was
a new splash-down
technique, but this
is ridiculous!



This is the swinging chick
they were telling me about?



Tell us
the story of
Katy Winters
again, Mom.



CONTINUED

GREAT MOM
IN MOVIE

"We'd rather switch
than fight."

"THE GIRLS ON THE BEACH"

Starring NOREEN CORCORAN • MARTIN WEST
FEATURING THE CRICKETS and THE BEACH BOYS with LESLEY GORE

A Paramount Release

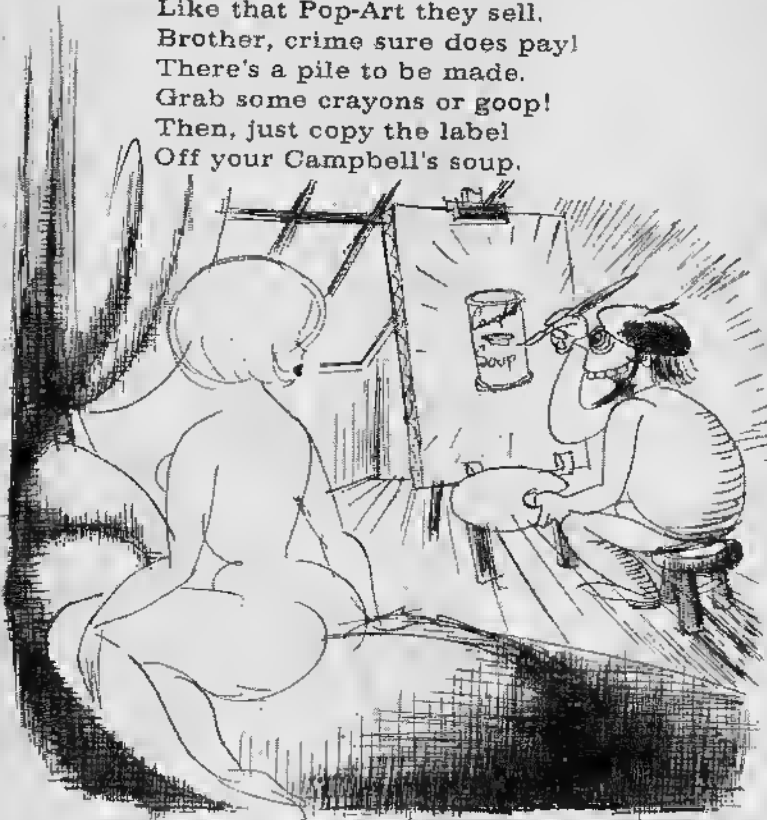
THE

POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

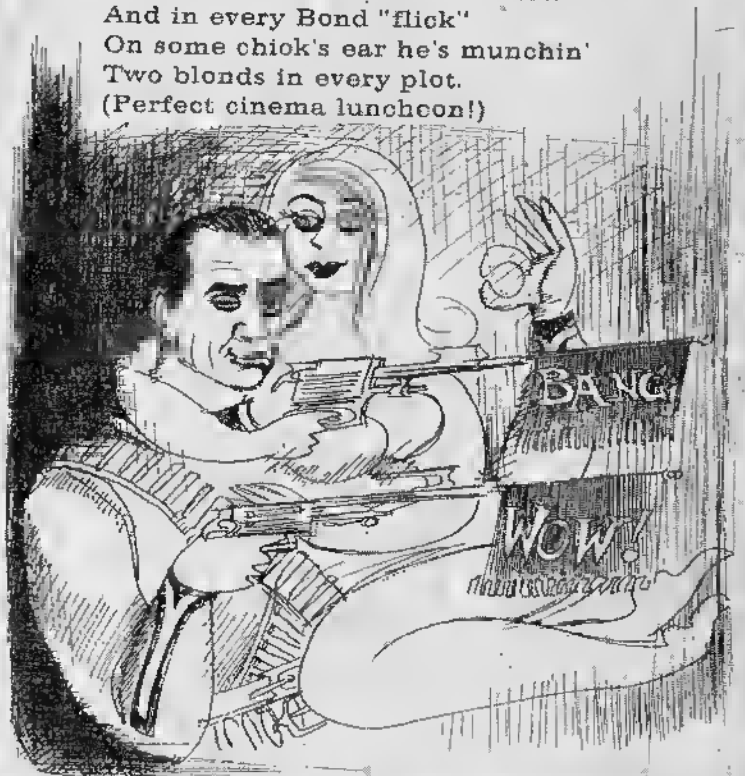
Written by Fred Wolff

Art by Farnsworth

A stands for Art
(With a capital A)
Like that Pop-Art they sell.
Brother, crime sure does pay!
There's a pile to be made.
Grab some crayons or goop!
Then, just copy the label
Off your Campbell's soup.



B stands for Bond
(Not the stock, but beau James)
Who makes "Goldfinger" shake
Sends "Doc No" down in flames.
And in every Bond "flick"
On some chick's ear he's munchin'
Two blonds in every plot.
(Perfect cinema luncheon!)



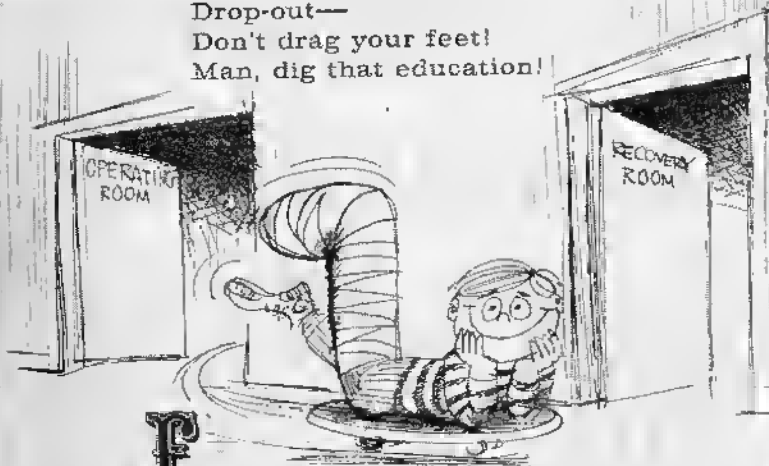
C stands for commercials
(Like you watch on T.V.)
It's a horrible sight
That we're all forced to see.
But, they say that will change
If we vote for "Pay-Telly."
There'll be no more bad ads!
(Just the programs stay smelly)





l-i-k-e
m-a-n
d-i-g
j-i-r-e

D is for drop-outs
(Those kids who leave school)
They are soon all alone
And are nobody's fool.
For, if you're to compete
In this computer nation
Drop-out—
Don't drag your feet!
Man, dig that education!



F stands for fads
(Like those skate-boards they sell)
Yes, the kiddies have fun
Sliding hither, pell-mell.
There's no harm to these "toys."
Lots of fun, they insist.
(Only one who has laughs
is the bone specialist)



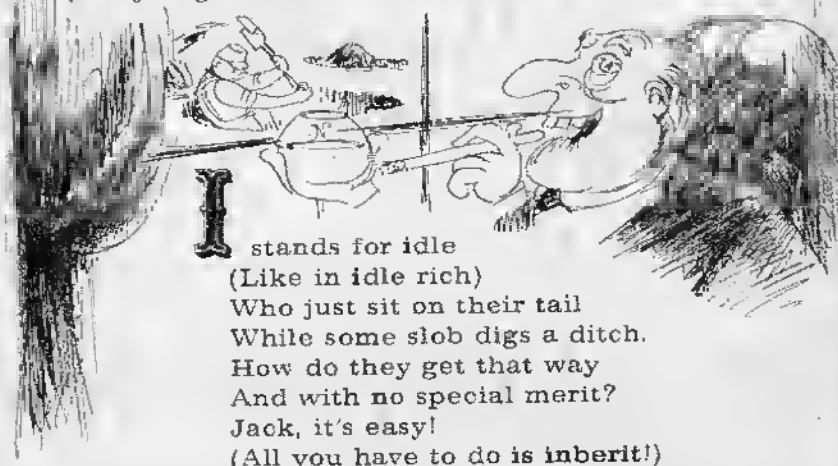
H is for Hullabaloo
(And like those teen-age shows)
That make grown-ups throw up
(Hope the T.V. tube blows).
But, you cannot escape.
Though the channels you'll search y'll
Now find Rock and Roll
In each T.V. commercial.



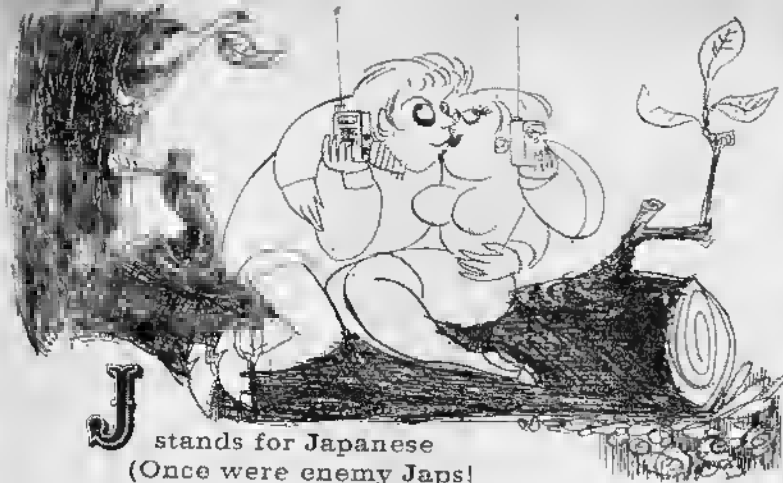
E stands for employment
(Like landing a job)
Not an easy affair
For the average slob.
If your school is not Ivy
Or your blood is not Blue.
Then the future looks Black!
(Try the shipping-room, do!)



G is for goblins
(Like on Halloween)
That day, goblins and witches
Appear on the scene.
Yet, we often spend weeks
On some trick or treat stunt.
When things get slow in Congress
(They begin a witch-hunt)



I stands for idle
(Like in idle rich)
Who just sit on their tail
While some slob digs a ditch.
How do they get that way
And with no special merit?
Jack, it's easy!
(All you have to do is inherit!)



J stands for Japanese
 (Once were enemy Japs!
 Now we're friends and
 It's really paid off for those chaps.
 Though they lost in the war
 They have won the peace, mister.
 Look in any teen's ear
 (And you'll see a transistor!)

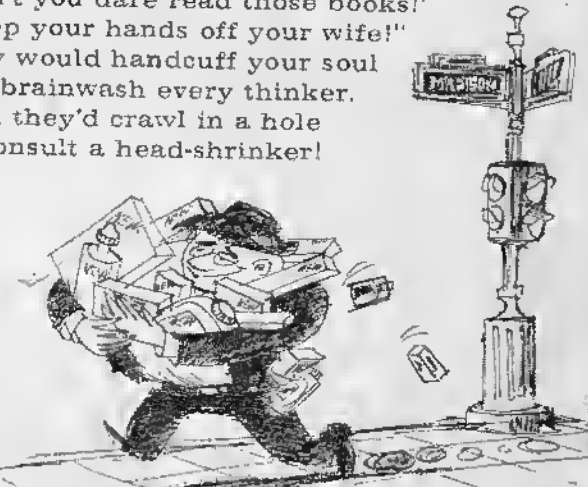


K stands for Kooks
 (Who would censor your life)
 "Don't you dare read those books!"
 "Keep your hands off your wife!"
 They would handcuff your soul
 And brainwash every thinker.
 Wish they'd crawl in a hole
 Or consult a head-shrinker!

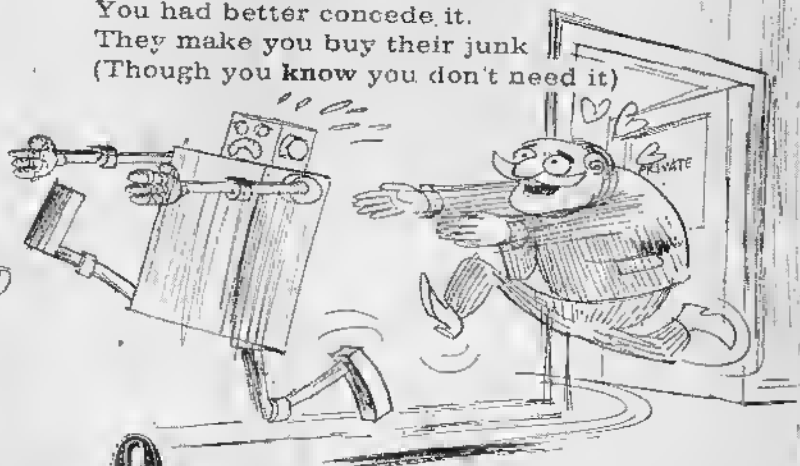


L stands for love
 ('Spesh'llly love that is free)
 Where there's no tie that binds.
 Where you try it and see
 If you're made for each other.
 Is it she that you're needin'?
 (When's the next boat for Sweden?)

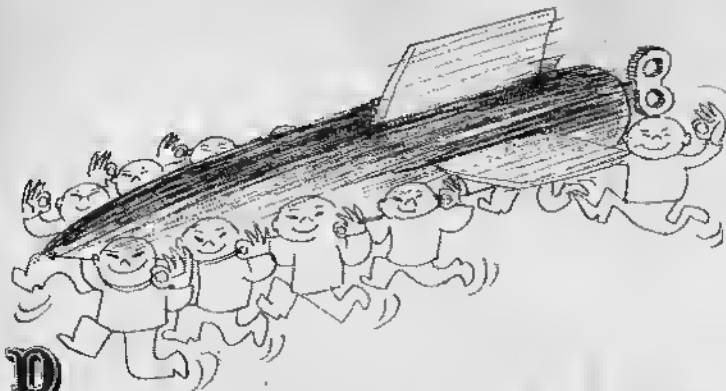
M stands for Mad.
 (Like in Madison Ave.)
 Where they peddle cosmetics
 Or some new cure-all salve.
 They're magicians, my friend.
 You had better concede it.
 They make you buy their junk
 (Though you know you don't need it)



N is for needy
 (Lyndon, lend me a buck!)
 There's a poverty war
 For guys down on their luck.
 I'm not knocking it, now
 Fact I raise a few cheers.
 But, to tell you the truth
 (I've fought that war for years)



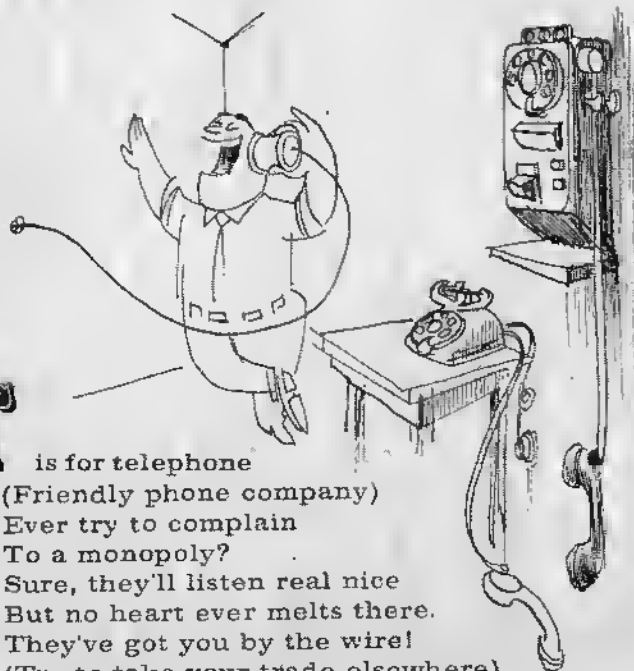
O stands for office
 (That once had a staff)
 Now computers have cut down
 Each staff, right in half.
 Soon, there'll be just machines.
 Automate! Be a smarty!
 But just try to "make-out"
 At that next office-party!



P stands for Peking
 (Home of Chinese-type Reds)
 They can't wait to make A-bombs
 And to bury us dead.
 They'll lose one hundred million
 If they throw loaded dice.
 But to them, it's no loss.
 (What a savings in rice!)



R stands for roulette
 (Like in Vegas, they play)
 People blow their whole roll
 Throw away a year's pay.
 But, they say it's a "sport."
 They'll win yet, they avow.
 Get a butterfly net!
 (They need help, and right now!)



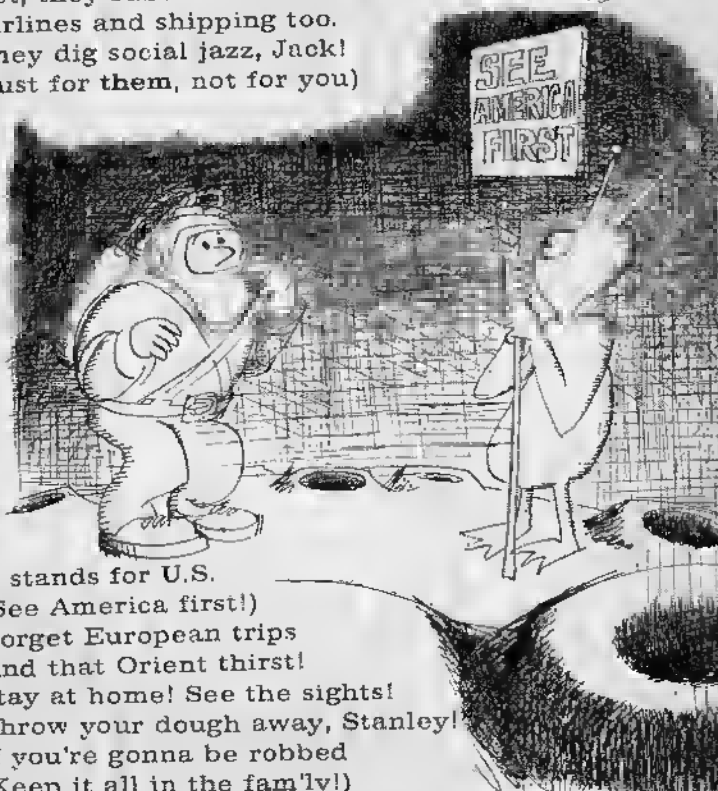
T is for telephone
 (Friendly phone company)
 Ever try to complain
 To a monopoly?
 Sure, they'll listen real nice
 But no heart ever melts there.
 They've got you by the wire!
 (Try to take your trade elsewhere)



Q stands for quandry
 (A modern distress)
 It is hard to be sure
 With a limited press.
 You don't know what is so.
 Is it true what they hint?
 Or, is it only the news
 That would fit, that they print?



S is for social
 (Like in socialistic)
 A word that will make
 Certain business-types sick.
 Yet, they subsidize railroads,
 Airlines and shipping too.
 They dig social jazz, Jack!
 (Just for them, not for you)

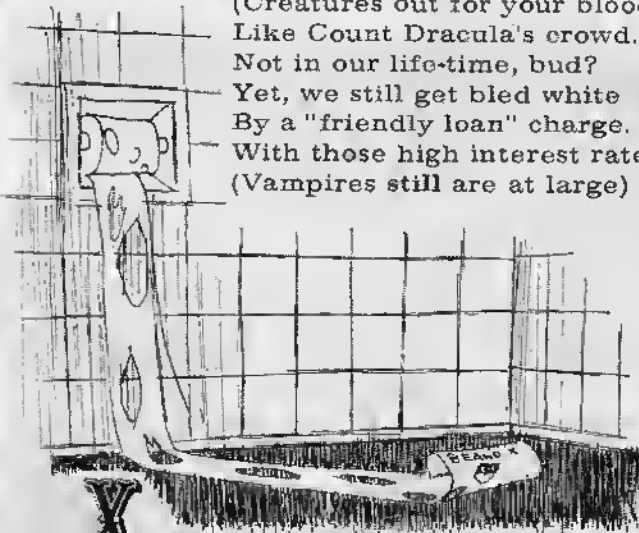


U stands for U.S.
 (See America first!)
 Forget European trips
 And that Orient thirst!
 Stay at home! See the sights!
 Throw your dough away, Stanley!
 If you're gonna be robbed
 (Keep it all in the fam'ly!)



V

stands for vampires
(Creatures out for your blood)
Like Count Dracula's crowd.
Not in our life-time, bud?
Yet, we still get bled white
By a "friendly loan" charge.
With those high interest rates
(Vampires still are at large)



X

stands for "Brand X"
(The inferior one)
Buy our product, my child!
It's the best 'neath the sun.
But, if you turn your dial
"Brand X," now they are selling.
And the one that's so great
(Now is branded as smelling!)



Y

stands for yawl
(Not an accent, a boat)
Nowadays, people praise
Any craft that they float.
Every ship is a "yacht."
I think they need new glasses.
Every guy in a row-boat
Thinks that he is Onassis.



W

stands for war
(It's a great little game)
You just go for a walk
Through the shot and the flame.
When you leave at the pier
How the band plays so splendid.
But, just one bugle call
When your own tune has ended.



Z

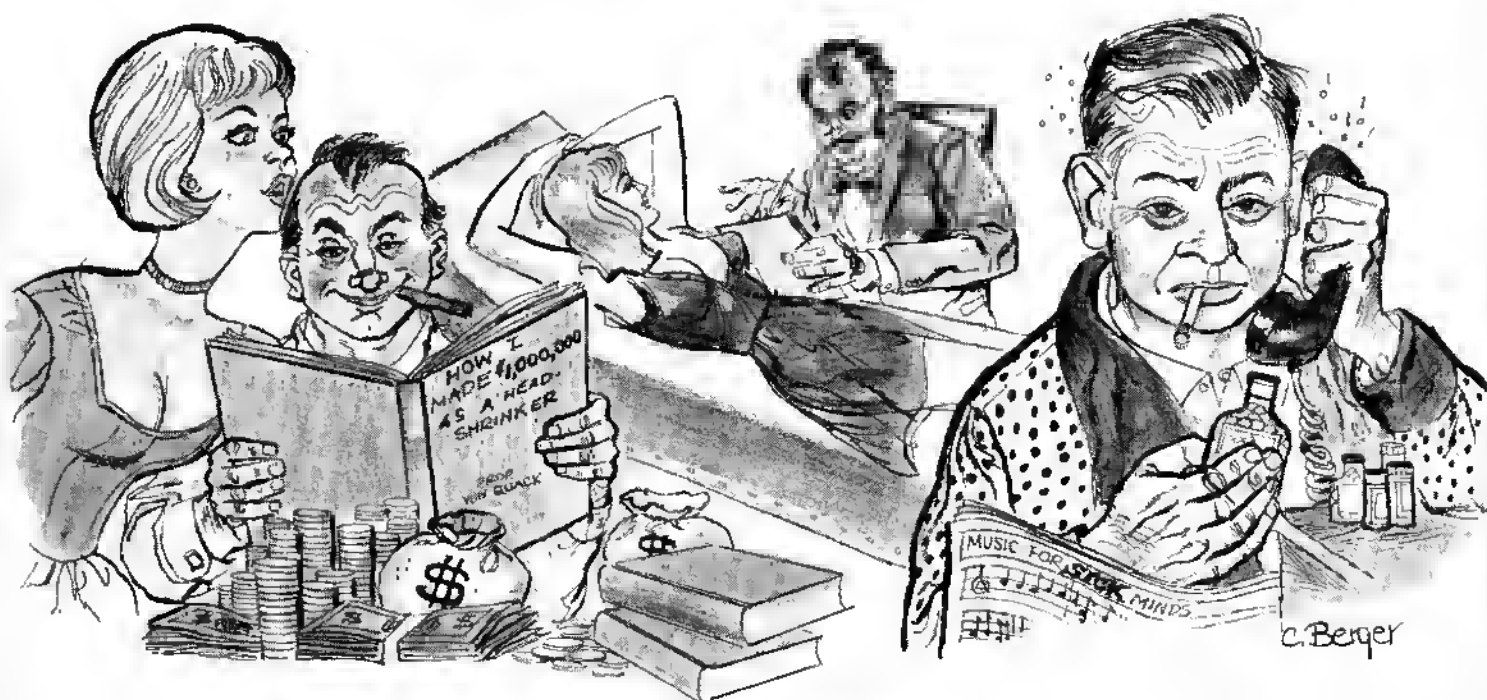
is for Zeppelin
(Air-ship lighter than air)
A triumph of science.
An ingenious affair.
So, what is the fate
Of this mighty sky-stroller?
They just use it to state:
(Won't you buy Pepsi-Cola?)

CAREER PLANNING

Be an Amateur ANALYST

Too many of us find that our friends are able to analyze us, and predict our actions. They do this because they are amateur analysts. You can make a lot of money with psychiatry. Look at Oscar Levant! He makes a living by suffering from psychoses. At present Levant has parlayed this into a government grant for a two-year study of inertia...his. He re-

cently called his psychiatrist and said: "I think I'm deathly ill." His psychiatrist said: "That must make you very happy." With this background, and by following the illustrated explanation which follows, you can take up psychiatry as a money-making hobby.



We learn from Freud that our psychological troubles start in childhood. So, go to an analyst when you're a child. Don't see a baby doctor, though. Go to a grown man. This girl has just told the psychologist that she wasn't born—so can't hate her mother. The girl later proved the analyst didn't exist.



You will have to learn to humor your patient. He'll like you, and talk to you, and tell you a lot of sexy, personal stories you'll enjoy.

What can I do for you?
How can I help?

You can give me a light.



Your patient will never admit that he is sick. You will have to tell him that he is doing fine and take the blame when something goes wrong. Drink is often a side-effect of a disorder, such as a party.

I can't diagnose your case completely. I think it's drink.

Okay, why don't I come back when you're sober.



You must always make your patient feel secure. This patient came in with a feeling of insecurity because an old friend has passed him on the street and not spoken to him. The psychiatrist told him to forget it, the friend probably didn't recognize him.

Doc, can I have another pillow?

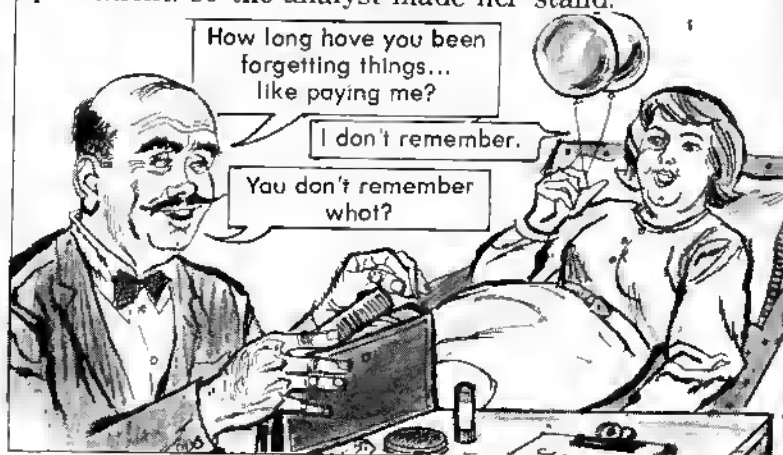


You must charge your subject a lot, otherwise he or she won't believe you are helping. For example, one analyst said to a patient: "I just felt your purse and I can't do a thing for you." The woman was late for her appointment, so the analyst made her stand.

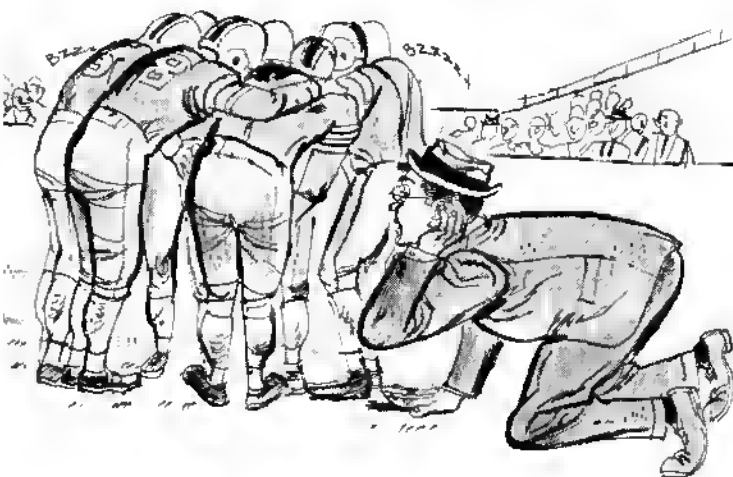
How long have you been forgetting things... like paying me?

I don't remember.

You don't remember what?



This patient was so tough to treat. When one subconscious was okay, the other would get offbase. He got so bad he quit going to football games because he thought the players in the huddle were talking about him.



Psychiatry can bring happiness to many—especially to you—if you practice it as a hobby and don't have guilt feelings about taking your friend's savings.



Sing a Song

THE DAY THE CELEBRITIES MARCHED



OF PROTEST!



The First LIFT-OFF

HMMM,
WHAT'S THIS?



YEOWW!



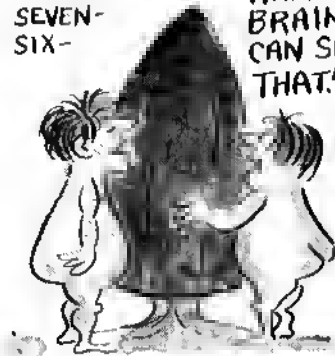
I FOUND THE
PERFECT ROCK
FOR MY LAUNCHER.



HOW STUPID
CAN YOU BE?
THAT'S TOO
BIG. IT WILL
NEVER
WORK!



TEN-
NINE-
EIGHT-
SEVEN-
SIX-



ANYONE
WITH
HALF A
BRAIN
CAN SEE
THAT!

NOW THAT THE
ROCK HAS
PASSED ITS
FIRST TEST-



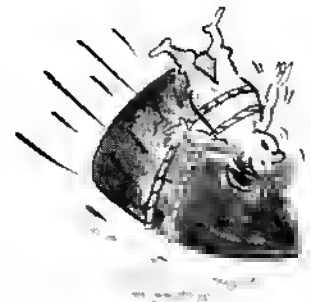
IT'S TIME
FOR MAN
TO MAKE HIS
CONTRIBUTION.



AND YOU ARE THE
LUCKY ONE CHOSEN
FOR THIS
HISTORICAL
TASK.



A MAN WHO
POSSESSES
MANY
QUALITIES-



CONFOUNDED
FLAME
THROWERS!



THAT SHOULD
PUT A STOP
TO THAT!



WHAT DO YA
KNOW, I'VE
DISCOVERED A
ROCK LAUNCHER!



FIVE-
FOUR-
THREE-
TWO-
ONE-



IN FACT
I DOUBT IF
IT WILL EVER
GET OFF THE
LAUNCHING
PAD!

ZERO.



WELL,
WE
DID IT
AGAIN!



INTELLIGENCE,
STAMINA,
RESOURCEFULNESS,
STABILITY,



BUT MOST IMPORTANT
THE ONE QUALITY
ESSENTIAL FOR
THIS HAZARDOUS
FLIGHT-



EXPENDABILITY!



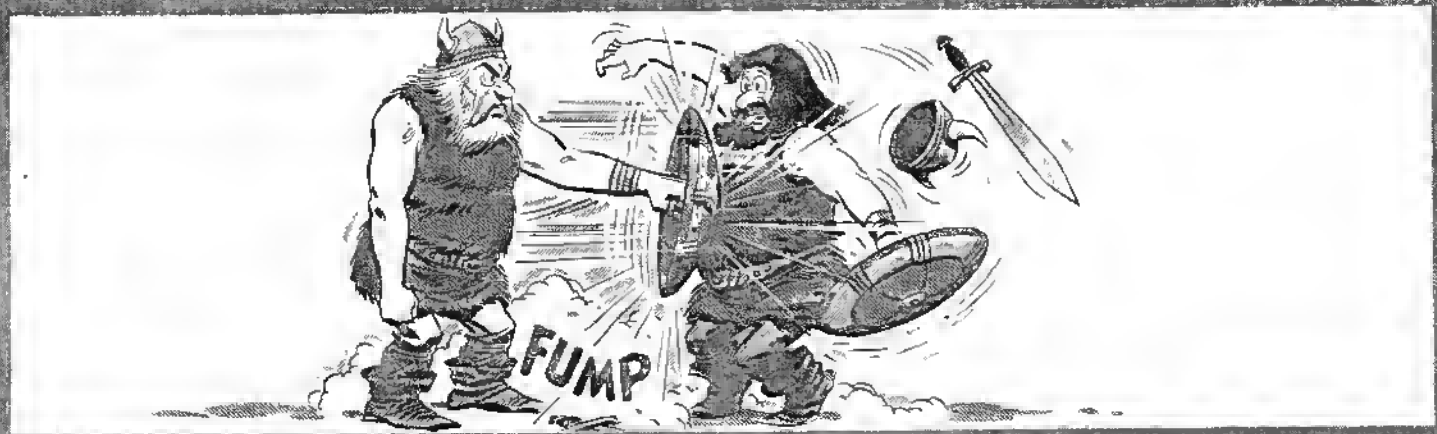
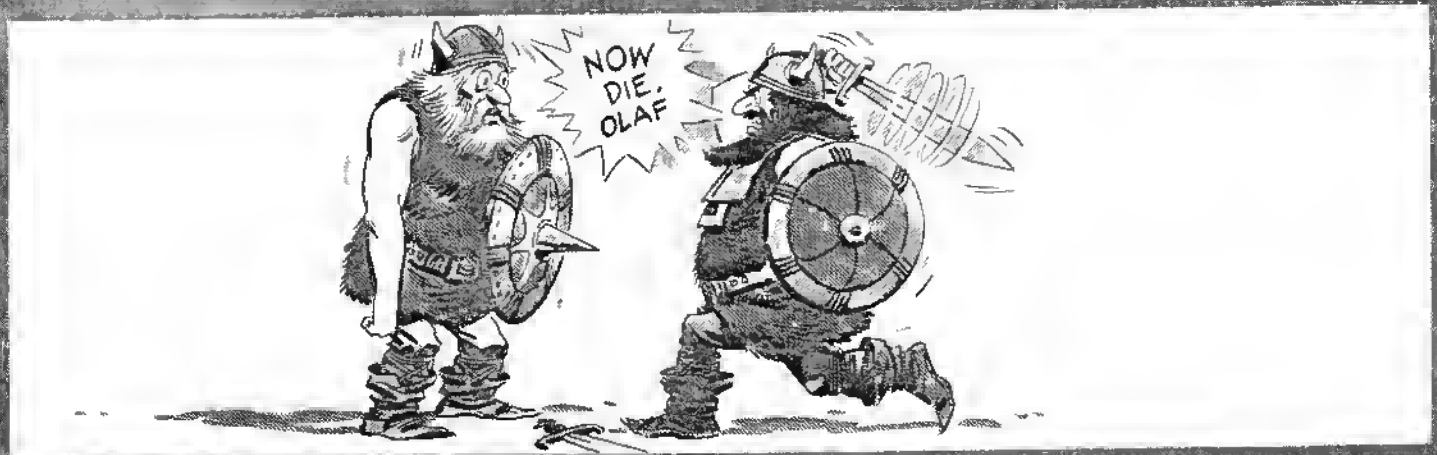
WELL, WHAT'S YOUR
CONCLUSION ABOUT
THE SKY?



IT'S FOR
THE BIRDS



The VIKING



Our magazine parody this issue salutes a publication which aims to give you ideas on spending your leisure time. Trouble is, it takes all your leisure time figuring out some of the ridiculous ways to spend your leisure time as featured in...

SICK HOBBY MAGAZINE

— IN THIS ISSUE —

**Building Minnie Subs
In Perfume Bottles**

**How To Build A
Better Mousetrap**

**18-PAGE
FULL-COLOR SECTION
ON
GARBAGE COLLECTING**

**A Modern Hobby:
GREEN-STAMP COLLECTING**

**Ideas For Making
Basket-Weaving Exciting**

**The Hobby Of Kings:
QUEEN COLLECTING**

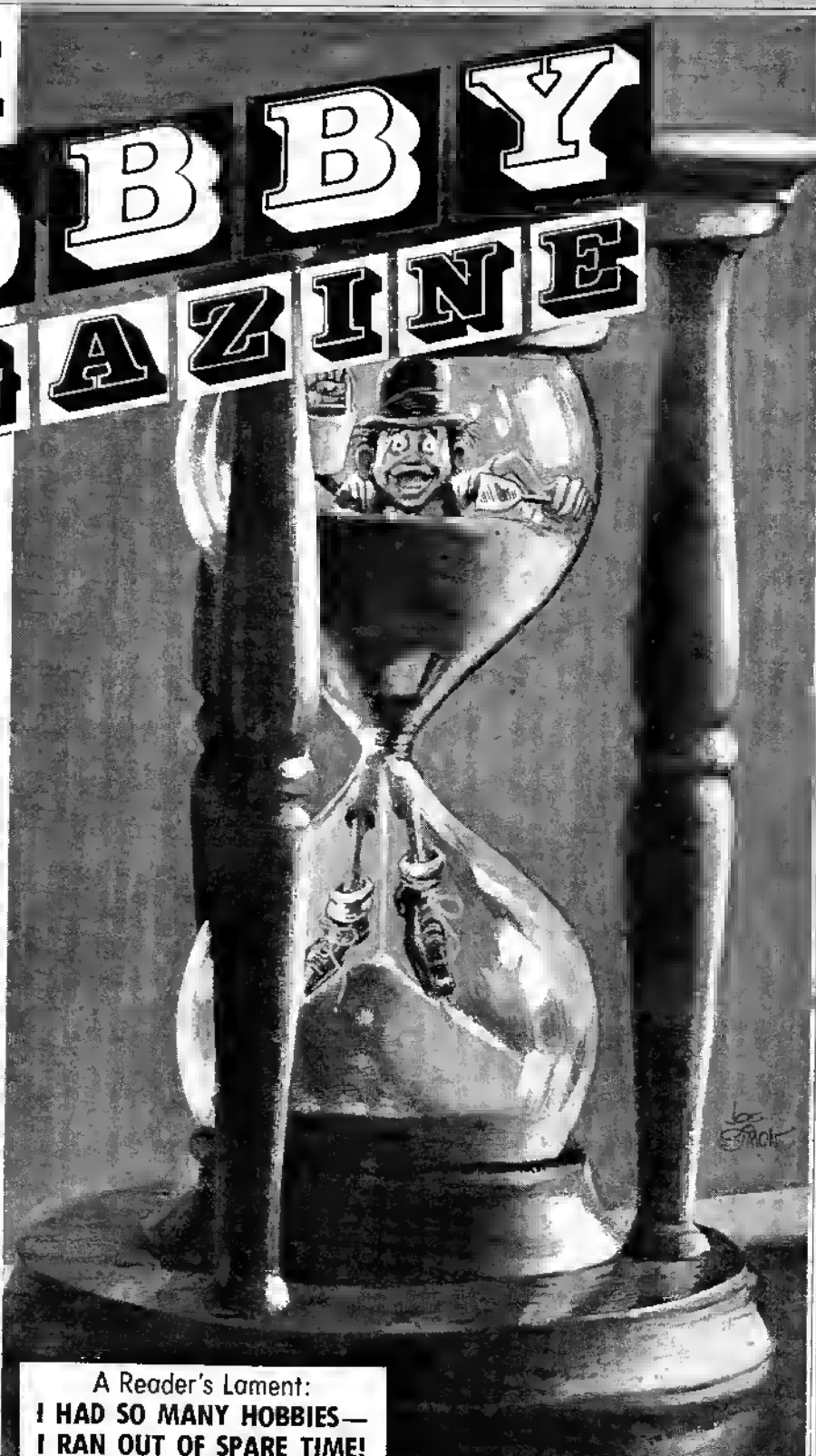
**An Interview With The World's
Greatest Lantern Slide-Maker**

**In The Centerfold:
FRANK SINATRA'S HOBBY**

**Coin Collecting Can Make You Rich
— If You Collect Enough Of Them!**

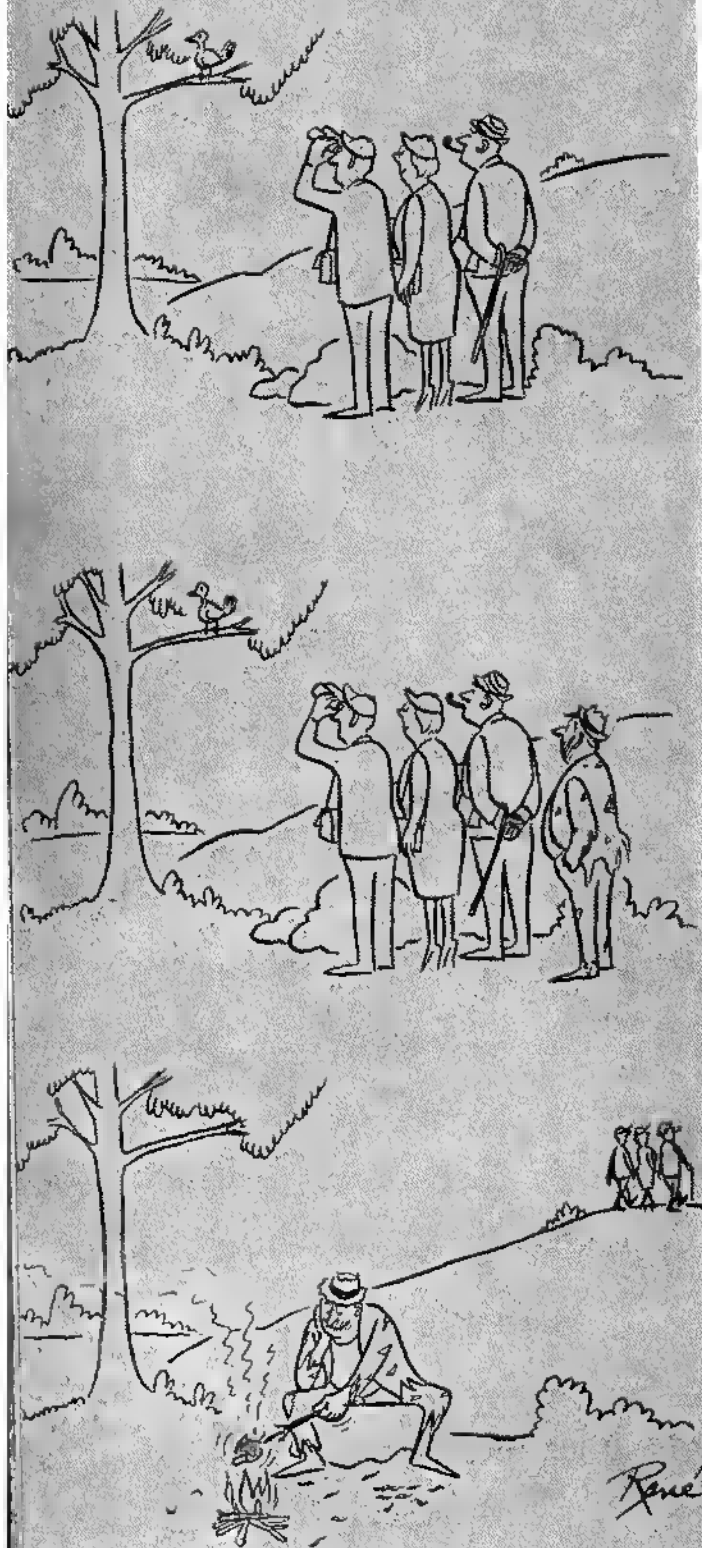
**A Reader's Lament:
I HAD SO MANY HOBBIES—
I RAN OUT OF SPARE TIME!**

101 THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH A CROCHETING NEEDLE



BIRD-WATCHING

a gentleman's
hobby



Sick HOBBY Magazine

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LOOKING FOR A MARK TO
MAKE IN THE SOCIAL
SCHEME?



WORLD GOT YOU DOWN?

Build yourself one of these interesting items and you'll fit in anywhere. Command respect as you while away those leisure hours.

The GREATEST HOBBY MOVIE OF ALL TIME! COLLECTOR

WILL GIVE YOU A
BUTTERFLY COLLECTION
IN YOUR STOMACH!



WINNER OF THE GARBAGE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL
(The Garbage Collector's Highest Award)

9 YEARS IN THE COLLECTING—NOW IT CAN BE TOLD



Starring
TERENCE STAMPCOLLECTOR
SAMANTHA EGGERON

Uninspired by ordinary hobbies,
he collected the one thing
certain never to bore him...



No one will be seated after the first five girls!

What's Happening on the **MODERN HOBBY SCENE**

NEW WAYS TO WHILE AWAY THOSE WEE, WEE HOURS



RAISING RABBITS

All you need to start this scintillating hobby is a he-rabbit and a she-rabbit. Your part is then finished. Just sit back and reap the rewards of your profitable posttime. In no time at all you'll have hares in your hair. For the more adventurous spirit, you might try doing this with Playboy Bunnies.



SWITCHBLADE-KNIFE COLLECTING

The ideal modern hobby for today's realistic city teenager. Striking new designs are popping up all the time and your collection is guaranteed to make you the neighborhood cutup. Your friends will flip when they see you pull this delightful hobby from the blue.



TAMING RATTLESNAKES AS PETS

For the action lover, there's nothing like this colorful hobby. All you need is a flute, a basket, and about a dozen pythons. If you train them properly, they'll soon want to hug you to death.



WIFE-SWAPPING

This exciting hobby is just the thing for those who are looking for something to while away leisure hours on evenings and weekends. Your friends will be eager to help you—especially if you have something interesting to swap.



COLLECTING UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS

The most practical of all the modern hobbies, with this one you can fill your leisure time and make money besides. However, there is a drawback. You can only have this hobby 26 weeks out of the year. If you're the type who likes fast-moving hobbies this one is for you.



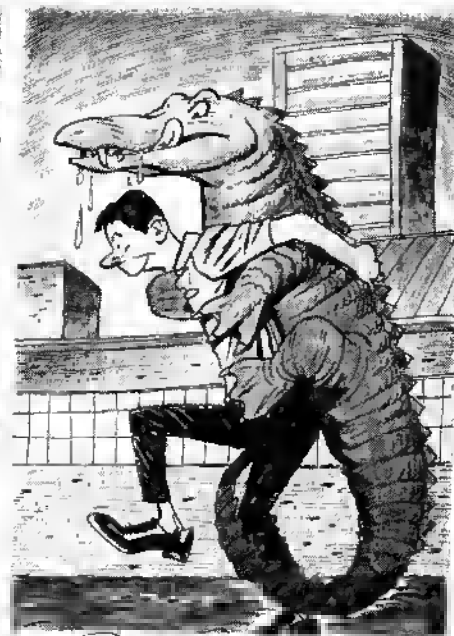
GRAVE-ROBBING

Just think of all the fun you can have amassing cadaver after cadaver, and starting your own skeletal laboratory. Make no bones about it, this is a marvelous hobby for the offbeat collector. When folks get wind of what you're doing they'll come running.



COLLECTING BEDBUGS

For folks in city tenements, this is ideal as there is a great variety of these creatures to collect. They can be mounted on Soranwrop and hung on the wall. Since new species are always crawling around, the potential is unlimited. Soon you'll even be able to catch them in your sleep.



ALLIGATOR BREEDING

Since most big-city sewers are full of alligators, you have a ready-made place to begin your collection. Just go down to the nearest sewer and rustle up a few. If you don't want to keep them around as pets, they make wonderful shoes, pocketbooks and rugs.



HUBCAP STEALING

Another interesting hobby for city dwellers, this one is ideal as an outdoor hobby for the young. It keeps them out of the house as you can start your collection right on the street. Moreover, if you collect enough you can even melt them down and build your own car. For a fine constructive hobby there's nothing like it.



BUILDING BOTTLES IN SHIPS

For those who are tired of building ships in bottles, this is a delightful switch on a favorite hobby. Simply get a large ship in your living room, then start blowing glass until you build a bottle inside. Other interesting variations along these lines, are building 2X4 plywoods out of lamp bases and making balls of string out of woollen samplers.



COLLECTING HOBBY MAGAZINES

For those of you who don't care for any of the hobbies discussed here, but want to do something to fill your leisure time—here's your answer. Simply collect all these hobby magazines as a hobby. If enough people do this, we'll have enough money to pursue our own particular hobbies—which are nothing like the ridiculous ones in this article.

advice for the out **GO FLY**

**A LEISURE-TIME ACTIVITY YOU CAN
REALLY GET CARRIED AWAY WITH!**

If you're tired of the usual confining indoor hobby, this interesting spare-time activity is just the thing for you. It will put hair on your chest — which is a great feat, especially if you happen to be a girl!

Furthermore, it's very easy to prepare for this hobby. All you need is a ball of string, a crisp piece of paper, and two lead weights. The lead weights you put in your shoes to help you from getting carried away if it's too windy out there.

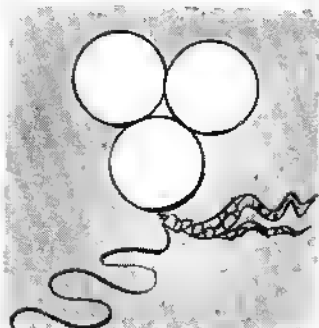
It's important to remember that care should be taken with all the above items. For example, too much string may get all tangled around and finally string you up! By the same token, too much paper may not go up very high. And besides, you'd have to contend with a lot of crepe. Last, but by all means least, too much lead weight will slow you down — so you'd do best to get the lead out before you begin.

With these helpful hints in mind, lots of luck and remember — Ben Franklin started this way. So the next time people yell at you, bear in mind that they're doing you a big favor when they say, "Go Fly A Kite!"

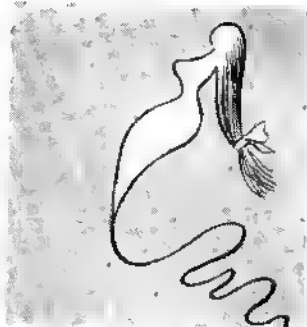


door hobbyist: **A KITE!**

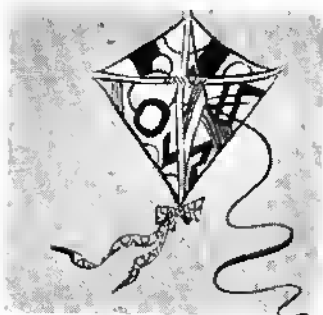
DIFFERENT TYPES OF KITES FOR DIFFERENT
TYPES OF PEOPLE
(SO YOU'LL KNOW WHICH ONE IS YOURS
IN THE SKY)



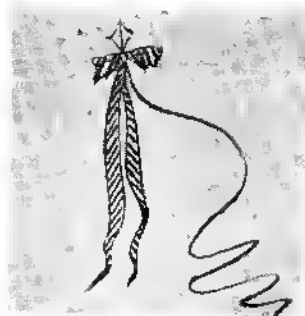
PAWNBROKERS



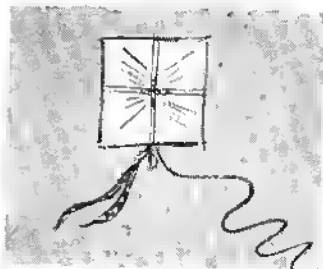
CHORUS GIRLS



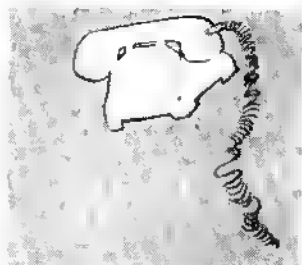
ABSTRACT ARTISTS



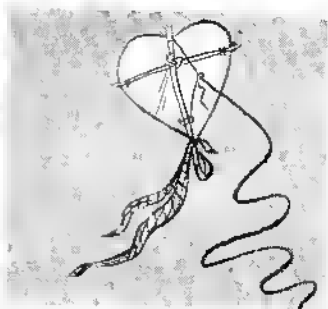
CHEAPSKATES



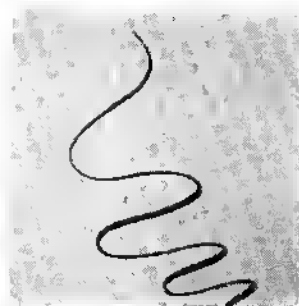
SQUARES



BOOKIES



LOVERS



MAGICIANS

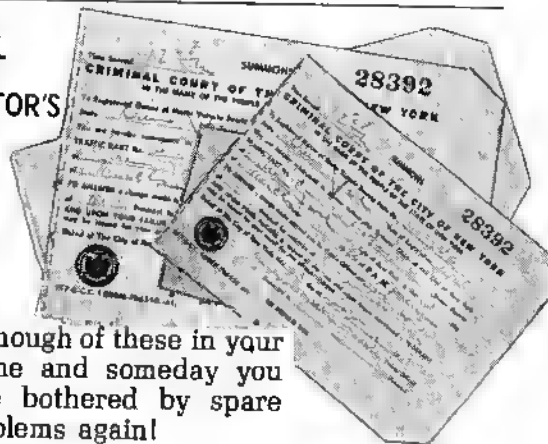
Hobby Mart

**FOR THE MAN WHO HAS
NOTHING---**



A profitable pasttime, this interesting hobby will have you sitting pretty. If you're lonely, you'll soon have more friends than you know what to do with!

A REAL
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM



Collect enough of these in your spare time and someday you won't be bothered by spare time problems again!

WANT A REAL PRIVATE HOBBY?

Collect These Interesting Pets
No one will bother you when you start this collection—not unless they get wind of it, that is.



**DOLL-
MAKING**



The Offbeat Hobby

You can make dolls resembling your friends, teacher, boss. These dolls can then be used as pin-cushions. A lot of people will really break up as a result of this sparetime activity.

Each year brings a number of new TV series. Where do these ideas come from that bring us talking cars, genies and people lost in space. Let's look behind the

scenes and see if we can find out how a popular series was born...the story of a man with an incurable disease. Fun for the entire family.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

A LOOK BEHIND THE BIRTH OF A TV SERIES

Lost year we had the three-legged woman who ran off with a washing machine. And we did the mynah bird who gives judo instructions to a group of teen-age grandmothers. What we need is something with real novelty.

I got it, J.B. You get this guy, see. He's dying. He knows he's dying so he goes out, gets 7 credit cards and lives it up every week.

Dying! Dying of what.

Oh, we'll think of something funny.

I'm getting queasy.

Shut up, Benson.



Art by Arnold Franchioni

Script by Bill Majeski

He can afford to be reckless. He climbs mountains, fights a crew of maddened dental technicians, traffics in priceless x-rays, plays cards for high stakes, plays stakes for high cards, he climbs the highest mountain, swims the deepest river...

Hey, that's a nice song.

Shut up, Benson, Go on Stabnus, I'm beginning to feel it. But who would sponsor us?

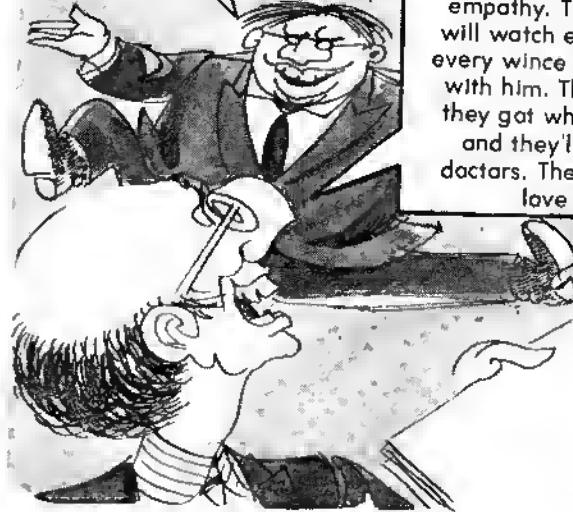


You kidding? A casket company for one.

♪ A tisket, a tasket, we'll put you in a casket...

Can we get the rights to that ditty?

No problem. And with the dying man we have that magic ingredient—empathy. The viewers will watch every move, every wince and identify with him. They'll think they got what he's got and they'll flock to doctors. The AMA will love us!



A merchandising plus!

But, J. B. ...

Shut up, Benson. Go on, Stabnus, tell us how it's gonna be.

We give him a girl friend. An understanding, yet buxom, girl who has been his sweetheart since childhood. He explains that he's got an incurable disease.



TONSILITIS
ALL
THE
WAY
DOWN!

And they can't go to cheap nightclubs because the hero says he doesn't want to be caught dead in a place like this. And we put in complications. The girl goes to a doctor and finds she's going to live forever.

Now you're swinging.

Magnificent
Irony.

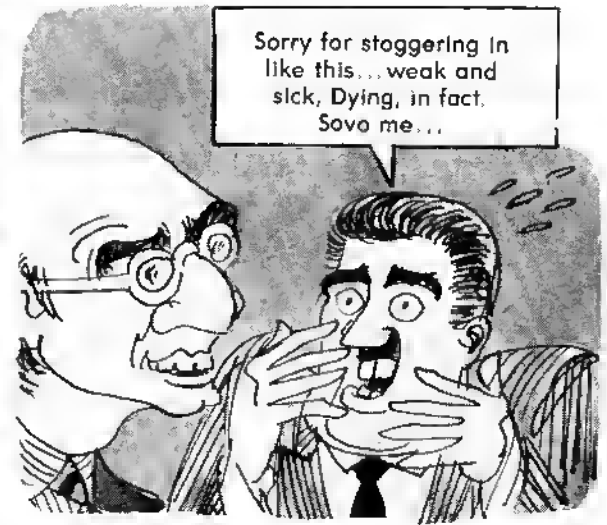
We put him in a football game and it goes into sudden death overtime.

We put him on a mountain peak and call the episode "Doom of the Tap."

I'm giggling already. But how long can the poor devil go on like this?

With luck, 39 weeks. If they renew, we'll find a new miracle drug to add to his life expectancy.

Now if we're cancelled, bingo! The disease hits!



THE SNeAKER

Holding your breath? You should, because in the last installment, we left Sean and the sneaker set hanging in the air because of a vexing problem of Sean's, as you recall, Helen was winking at Deirdre, while Mark was trying to cancel something behind the baakcase, and Angie was trying to hide something behind Mark. And the aminos shadow of Trixie Garton canfranting Baabi's parents hangs like a pall over the Ensemble, so let us look in on Sean to see what vexes him, and see if we can't get this thing off the ground



What is it, Sean baby?
Whot vexes you?

Is it because your
number's coming up in
the draft?



Why should I be vexed?
The administration is
completely satisfied with
the way we've been
protesting, and burning
our draft cards as well as
ourselves—all at a safe
distance—

You mean
you're safe,
Sean?

Sure I'm
safe.
I'm a
conchy.



Set A Continuing Story

Art by Jack Sparling

Script by Bob Elliott

That can't be it, because we're going to discuss taking over the nation's foreign policy—

I know a man lives in Spain, and he just got insured, and he has a foreign policy—with Lloyd's of London.

Oooh! Wait'll my mommo and pappa confront Trixie Gorton!

Don't worry, Boobi baby. Trixie's real gear!

So we're going to set the trend for handling the situation in Viet Nam. But we still haven't discovered what's vexing Sean.



Rather I would face Hu Chi Min naked than confront Trixie Gorton with my mommamlo and popporito.

Yesterday you had no religion. Yours was the teen cry of anguish, swiped from the existentialists and Emory University, that religion is dead.



Last night Deirdre and I made up a new religion. The 7th Day Cawards on the Advent of Viet Nam.

Is it true that the leader of the North Vietnamese guerillas is King Kang?

Our religion forbids us to fight in Asia.

Rother King Kang and me on the Empire State than Trixie and my folks.



Anyone want to join my religion?

Yo!

I hereby induct you into the religion, which is better than being inducted into the army.

Now we're free! Free to fight the war on the home front!

Please leave your allowance for the next week in the collection plate.

We'll buy so many record albums and guitars and surfboards with our spending power that there won't be any money left to make munitions and planes.

What about the Viet Cong? They'll still have munitions.

Simple. We'll invade them with a battalion of rock groups.

One hour of that music will render them deaf and insane, and we'll be Teen Heroes.

Fine, Sean baby. And now what is it that vexes you?

Hark! The phone rings!

Hell! Keds Klub here. This is Sean—formerly Tom.

Yes. She's here.

It's far you, Babbi baby.

Sean! In—in plty's name, Bobby, who—who is it?

Why don't you find out, Boobi bobby? Or are you afraid of what will be sold?

Well, it looks as if we lifted off the ground a few feet—just like a regular soap opera. Confused? Bet-cho booties you are—and so are we. Anyhow, the whole mess is as murky and muddy and confused and screwed up as we can get it, and with good luck and a lot of padding and stotic action, we can drag it out four or five years.

Next week there will be heartbreak on the chain gang, hi-jinks at Vassar, a pot of tea for old, mosey Mrs. Grumbitch, flagellation on the quad rangle by the Phi Psis, Will Baabi's parents resent a multi-lingual daughter? Will Sean pay the phone bill? And who slipped a note to Mark—giggling? Get your next issue of SICK. In fact, get lots of issues. Wrap fish in them, stuff window panes with them, but buy them, and here's suds in your sad!!



MOVIE SPOOF **The Collector**

Bill Majeski

Terence Stamp is a timid, shy bank clerk in William Wyler's hit film by Columbia Pictures. Actually he is shy about 30 dollars and is he ever happy when he learns he has won the English football

pool. His only problem is now—how to get those darn football players out of his pool. Actually he becomes the first man in England to gain 3,000 pounds in one week.

When Terence collects the loot, he does what any normal, shy-blooded English lad does; he buys a spooky mansion and decides to switch his hobby from collecting butterflies to collecting a girl. He puts his butterfly net behind him; but since it is hard to catch anything this way, he holds it the regular way and begins to look at the way girls walk and talk.

The first girl his eyes light on is Samantha Egger. Actually the light is too bright so he turns it down so she won't get suspicious.

So he sits in his parked station wagon and looks at her through his rear view mirror—and what does he see? Of course, a rear view of Samantha Egger.



2... Samantha has an interesting walk. Terence chalks it up to a nervous twitch.

Finally, operating on the old premise that a "twitch in time saves nine," Terence chloroforms her (regretfully ignoring half of the audience) and hauls her away to his mansion, which is decorated in early Charles Adams family.

"I hope this isn't too dank," says Terence, lowering his eyes to Samantha's neck.

"It's not, dank you very much," she says, hiding her eyes from the film critics.

Terence explains in his own bank clerk fashion that Samantha shouldn't worry because he is not going to harm her in any way. After she overcomes her initial disappointment, Samantha gets used to her new surroundings.

It is gloomy and dark. Even the cobwebs had cobwebs. But when shy Terence turns on his little boy smile, it gets even darker.

4... Finally her warm smile and beguiling manner (to say nothing of her plunging neckline) win Terence over. He lets her out into the sunlight and into his 43-room mansion with bath.

"A good mansion nowadays is hard to find," hums Samantha sweetly, as she asks Terence if it would be all right if she took off her clothes and took a bath.

"I'll sit outside and turn my back," says Terence, who is not rapidly losing the sympathy of every guy in the audience, bank clerk or not.

3... It was an eerie den. And when Samantha moved to the other hall of her new home, it was in one eerie and out the other.

But Terence, now in his own Stamping grounds, had bought her a whole new wardrobe of finery. Just her size, too. He knew because he had tried them on himself earlier.

However, as time went on (although in the film it did seem to stand still for quite some time), Samantha woke up to the fact that Terence really wanted to keep her there. He wanted something to love and butterflies can't dance or wear nice dresses.

Samantha cried for her release. Terence relented and got her to sit still there for 30 days—with possible time off for bad behaviour.

However, she does try to escape. But Terence catches her and flies into a tantrum, which he kept for just that purpose. He stopped serving her fine food and put her on bread and water. This was very uncomfortable and Samantha had to change her dress.





At this point, tension in the form of a nosy neighbor enters the picture. (It is called twelve-sion in a high-budget film, but since this was brought in for less than a half-million kasabas, they settled for ten-sion).

This Englishman is the familiar stereotypic gentleman with a face like cold roast beef and blood pudding eyes. But soon the blood pudding turns to porridge as water begins dripping from upstairs. Samantha, hearing the voices, turned the water on to overflow.



5... Terence, showing Samantha about the house, lets her see his butterfly collection under glass. Samantha said it was too uncomfortable being under glass and couldn't they see the butterflies from outside the glass. He acquiesces and she looks at him funny.

"But can't you see," she says plaintively, "those butterflies are dead. You've deprived them of life just to add to your collection."

She repeats the speech, more loudly this time. But it does no good because Terence is out in the living room pouring champagne before a giggling fireplace. He used to have a roaring fireplace, but he turned it down so that nosy neighbor wouldn't be over bothering them.

After a couple of shots of champagne, Samantha and Terence's lips get acquainted. Her thermostat is closer to the fireplace, so her temperature rises faster. She offers her body to Terence and Terence turns it down. Now everybody is good and mad. Particularly the men in the audience.

How much rebuffing can a girl take? Must a decent girl put up with those arrogant refusals forever? No, Samantha decides, putting her foot down. Then a fight starts because she put her foot down on his toes.



6... The battle rages. He gives her a baleful look to the mouth. She hauls off and breaks his butterfly case. He chases her out into the driving rain, which was driving away for a scene in an old Jon Hall movie.

Then, at last, Samantha gets her chance. (Chances are 10 cents each; three for a quarter). She hits Terence over the head with a shovel. Well, he doesn't dig that bit, so he bleeds all over everybody. To everyone's surprise, the blood is red.

After he recovers and subdues her, she takes a fit (size 38) and lapsing into a series of shudders, dies. Terence sadly closes the shudders and prepares a final good-bye to Samantha before getting back into the old station wagon, sitting behind that old rear-view mirror and gazing longingly at more rear views.

Moral: When you have a soft-boiled Egger, don't treat her hard-boiled or the yolk will be on you.

CLASSIC FRIED ADS

This SICKtion is a free service for the convenience of our readers. However, since there are so many hooks and kooky items involved, we assume no responsibility for items, claims or persons advertised here. We're sick but not crazy.

A CHALLENGE

I would like you to forward this message to that creep, Cassius Clay. In the soldiers hill district of Mt. Isa I am the king. My name is Fierce John Brennan. I am seven foot high and have the build of Steve Reeves 4 times over. I will take fickleman Clay in a fight over here in Australla. If Clay refuses to fight, we will recognize him as ex-champion of the world, and I (The Mighty Brennan) shall be champ. I am ex-champ of the British Isles. I licked Gattellari, Borruni, Caruthers and even Patterson and Liston (when they were younger).

Fierce John Brennan
34 Kokoda Road
Soldiers Hill
Mt. Isa, Australia

PEN PALS

I would like to be a Sick Pen-Pal. Information of myself follows:

Name: Miss Terry Altman

Age: 18

School: Sophmore at Illinois State University

Likes: Bob Dylan records, dancing, England, Spanish, dogs, fast cars and people.

Dislikes: People who criticize when they don't understand.

Description: Long dark blond hair, green eyes, 5'4", non-conformist kook!

861 Atkin Hall
Illinois State University
Normal, Ill.

Pen Pal Wanted:

Boy 18, with pen, paper, envelopes and stamps would like address of girls 16 to 18. Object; Exchanging unusual letters.

James R. Sick

R. D. #2

Wayland, New York

I would like a girl pen pal about age 13, height 5'3", wild, sick and especially cute and blonde. And I like them stacked.

Gary McFeron

3140 Stanly Avenue

Santa Cruz, California

STAMP COLLECTORS

Anyone who collects stamps, send me 250-400 stamps and 15¢. I will send them back the amount of stamps they sent me (but all different).

Steven Rappaport

1001 President St.

Brooklyn 25, N. Y. 11225

SIMON SEZ:

by JOE SIMON, editor

Our comic book parody (Dec. #42) just won't lie down and die. The growing cult of comic book collectors and "fanzine" publications (over 100 at last count) seems to devour any material dealing with the so called *golden age of comics* and numerous requests have been received offering to buy



THE SWINGING SURGEON

the original art or seeking permission to use satirical comic-heroes from the parody. Robert Schoenfeld of Cleveland, Mo., wants to use the title, "Super-fan" for a new fanzine. Associated with Bob are the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Comic Fan Club: Derrill Rothermich, Bill Jo White, Steve Gerber, Allan Logan, Steve Grant, Chuck Eichler, and Rich Wyde.

Patrick Stout, who neglected to send his address, wants to buy *Ape Girl*, *Longjohn*, *the Underwear Man*, *Pajama Girl*, *Slugging Grandmother*, *The Rotten Grandchild*, *Fighting Clod*, *The Dangling Dunce* and *Skunk Man*. This formidable stable would supplement his own *Turtle Man*...Holy cornballs!

Sorry we can't answer all the letters, men, but any fanzine is welcome to use the material—just don't make it funnier than ours. Please insert copyright line (C. Sick Magazine) somewhere in your publication. Otherwise we'll send a couple of boys down from Chicago.

Our Moscow Correspondent from Jersey (yes, there really is an Ivan Golownjew) suggests we hold a contest to determine the most unusual place where readers hang their Huck Fink "Why Try



Harder" pin-up. Ivan wants to hang his in the Kremlin. Then the Kremlin will hang Ivan. We'd like to hear your opinions on this subject. If the mail is negative, we may hang Ivan first.

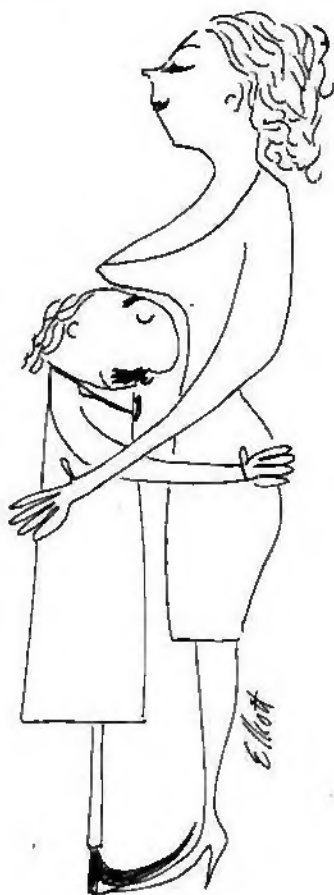
In an attempt to cash in on the current popularity of the super-heroes, we are launching our own comic section featuring that 90-pound weakling, "TEENMAN". He (or it) will deal with pressing teen problems of the day in an intelligent, intellectual, forthright manner—namely a rap in the mouth.



Teenman, an alien refugee from a way-out planet, flies through the smog on a gleaming surfboard—his symbol, a popping coke bottle, strikes terror into the hearts of adults everywhere. You'll thrill, you'll chill, you'll shudder at the most terrifying villain of all—*The Old Fogey!* Don't miss it. If you don't read it, you won't miss it.

Profile: Bob Elliott!

Bob Elliott is that rare treasure in the humor field—a combination artist and writer. Trouble is, sometimes he forgets the combination. "I often find myself putting drawing paper in the typewriter." Anyway you look at it, our Bob has led a well-traveled life. "With my material I had to keep traveling," he admits. Bob is originally from Atlantic City where he somehow managed to get thru High School. "I



graduated but the High School dropped out. I was a problem child," he recalls, "I brought my parents to school so many times they got a diploma, too."

Seeking outlets for his offbeat views, he began submitting humorous pieces to his school paper. Even for his classmates he was too far out so he tried submitting elsewhere. "Soon I was rejected by every editor in the country. I quit submitting when I began getting back more stuff than I sent out," he insists.

Discouraged, Bob decided to get as far away from America as possible and so he went to Egypt. "It was the land of the Sphinx," he remembers, "and it certainly did." He returned shortly afterward, determined to make a name for himself in the States. "I didn't like the name they were calling me in Egypt."

Having played the trumpet since childhood, he got jobs in pickup bands playing beachfront hotels in Atlantic City. "I had a great mouth-piece," he recalls, "which was lucky when I got into trouble." This earned him a living for several years during which time he attended art school in Philadelphia. "I blew the trumpet, then blew the money on tuition fees." It paid off, as Bob soon found himself working as an advertising agency artist. Although the experience was good he couldn't make enough money at it. "I tried moonlighting but there was no money in lighting moons either."

To show you how bad things were at the time, World War Two gave him a lift. Since there was no place to go but up he enlisted in the Air Force. Bob went in a private and came out a private. "It was all very private," he remembers, "they tried hushing up the whole thing."

After being discharged, Bob came to New York planning to conquer the world of advertising art. "I got several offers—but they were all requests to go back where I came from." Thus, he returned to Atlantic City the very next day and soon found himself in a variety of dreary jobs. He became a bellhop, then a soda-jerk and finally a cab-driver. "What makes this so unusual," he says, "is that it all happened in the same day."



Disgusted by it all he decided to return to New York and keep plugging until he hit it big. Perseverance paid off and shortly afterward he sold his first satiric piece to Bruce Elliot, editor of a leading men's magazine. "It was a lucky break," he remarks, "I convinced the guy I was a long-lost relative."

Having broken the ice, Bob's sales started zooming and soon he began appearing in a great many men's magazines. He also contributed sketches to Julius Monk revues and sold many cartoons and light verse. "I was making money hands over fist. The fist I was using for late payers."

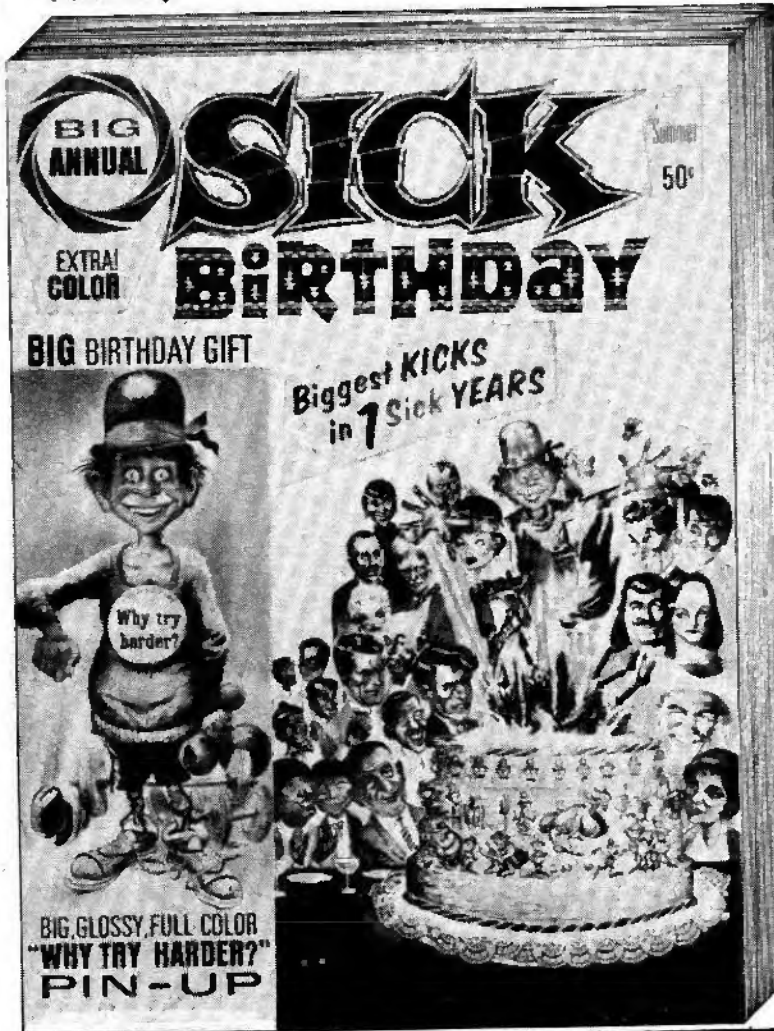
The climax of Bob's career came fairly recently when he submitted his first sketches to SICK. They were hilarious and his artwork had a lot of polish. Then we had him start using India ink instead of polish. Since then he's become a permanent fixture around the SICK office. "They pay me along with the electric and phone bills."

Bob is married and has two daughters. "I made sure I wore the pants in my family," he asserts. He was photographed for this biography complete with his walrus-type moustache of which he proudly grins, "Man, dig this crazy hair-lip!" Bob Elliott is one fellow who is really going places. Judging by his background it may happen very soon...

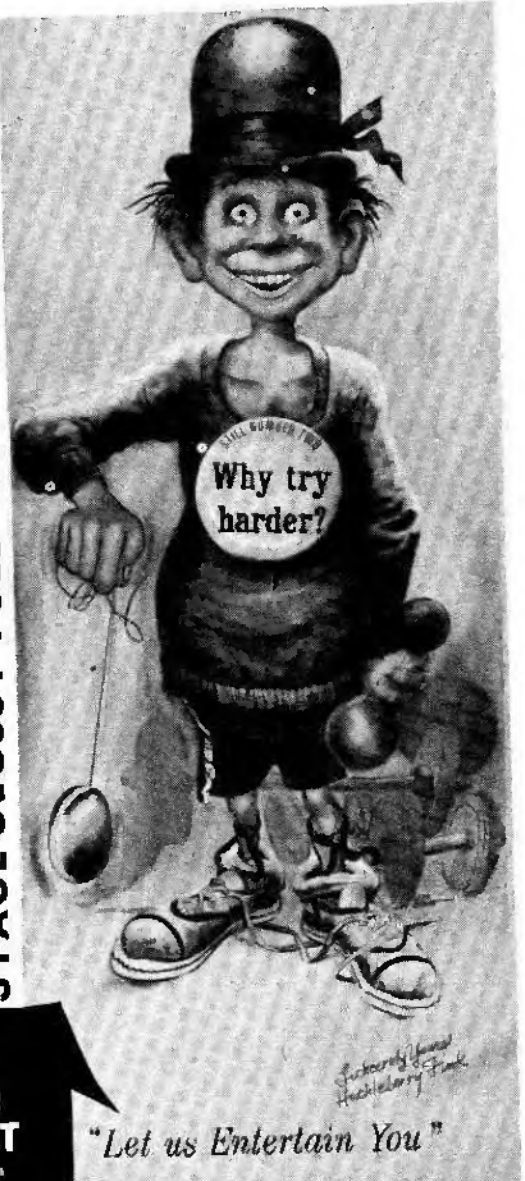
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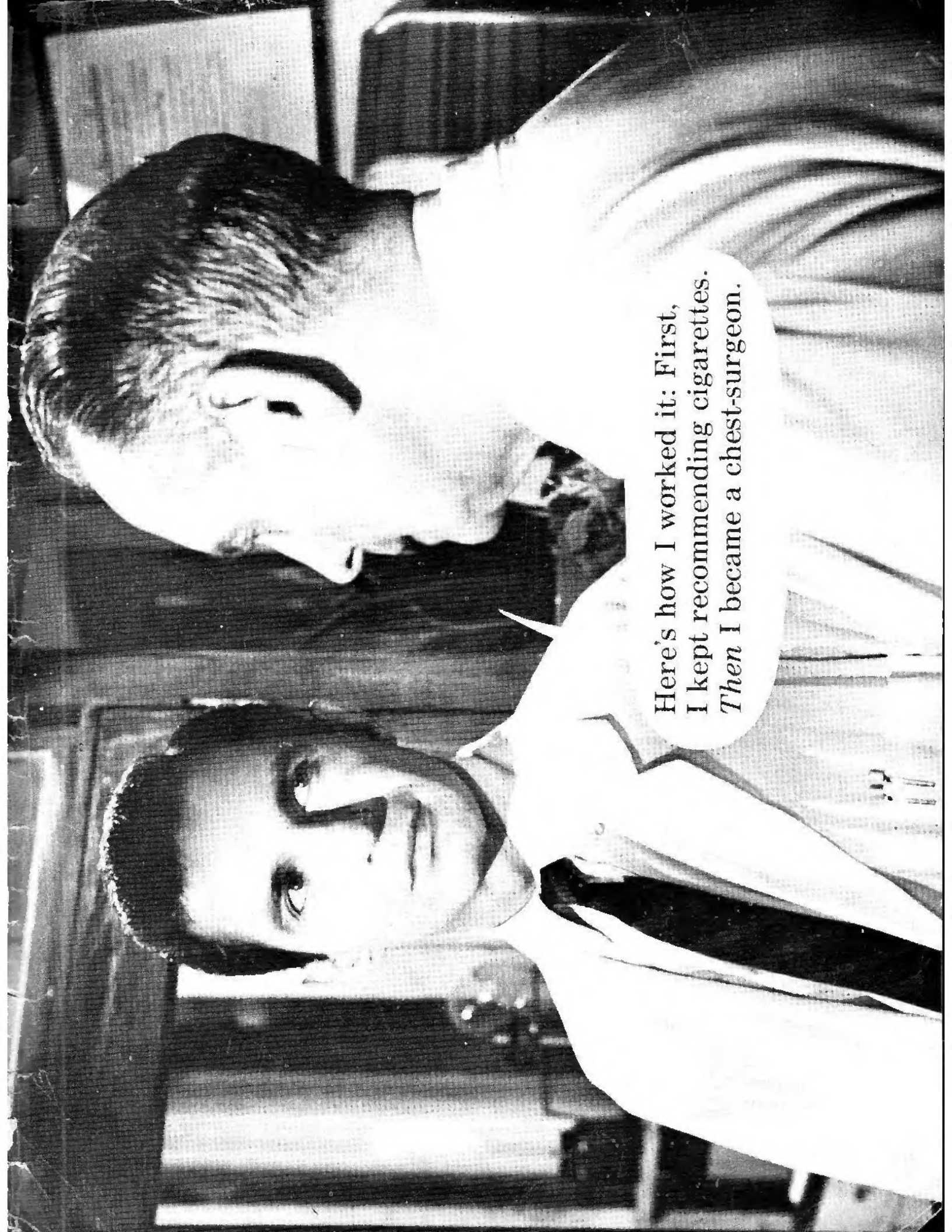
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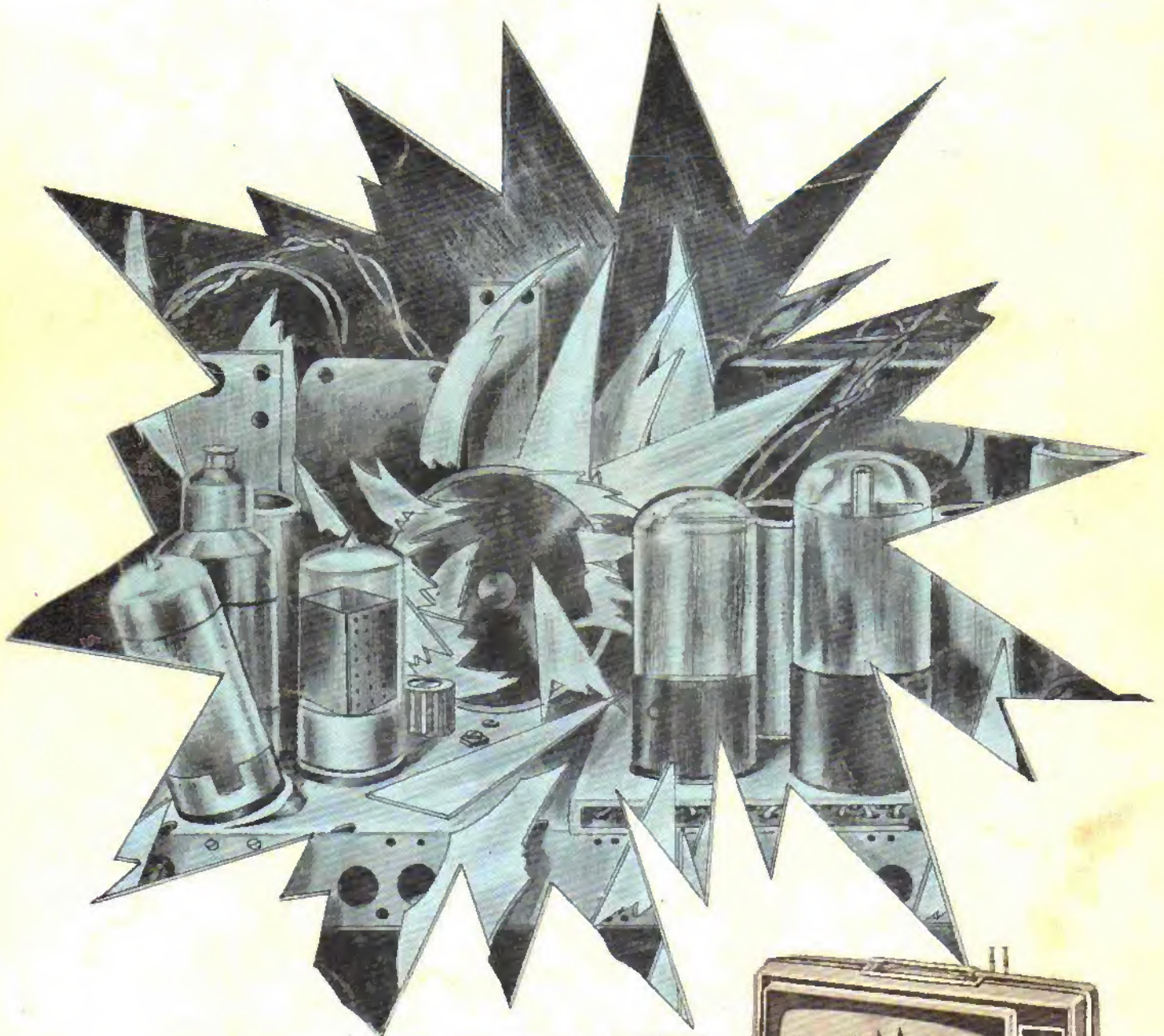
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